THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA

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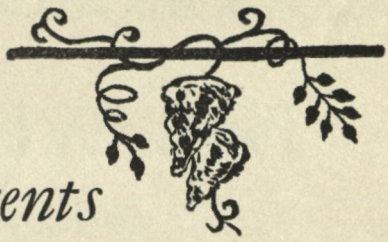
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Contributing Editors

Miss Mary Marsh, the author of Autumn, drew the sketch to illustrate her poem. Miss Marsh has unusual talent, which she contributes generously in sketches for the various publications.

A gifted Macon girl, Miss Elizabeth Lewis, wrote that spirited and laughable short story, Dancing Dollars.

Campfire Contentment is a feature story drawn from the experience of the author, Miss Salome Anderson, when she was at Laurel Falls camp this summer. Miss Anderson is exchange editor of the Watchtower.

Miss Mamie Harmon, author of a Dream of Color and the Catch-All, drew the sketch of wisteria on the Table of Contents. She is versatile as well as talented, being president of the Dramatic Club and on the Veterropt staff.

Weed is a short story written by a sophomore, Miss Maude McGehee. More of her contributions will be welcomed.

Even though she is at the University of Chicago Miss Heloisa Marinho has not forgot her Wesleyan friends. While she was at Blue Ridge this summer, she wrote The Challenge for the magazine. From a new student, Miss Louise Medley, formerly of Weaver College, comes Benefits Remembered in appreciation of the work of the Y. W. C. A.

The Wesleyan is glad to welcome old friends, especially Miss Sara Jenkins with her poem, Overflow, and Miss Frances Horner with her editorial and critical appreciation, The Vision Splendid.

Who says that freshmen cannot enter into college activities? From the class of '29 have been chosen the three best essays submitted in the contest on the subject, Beginning Young.

Miss Essie Mae Cobb is a sister of Miss Mary Alma Cobb, a senior here, while Miss Clara Nell Hargrove and Miss Geraldine Wheeler are Macon students.

Miss Susie Heard with her article on college life and Miss Katherine Catchings with her fanciful poem, although they hold important positions on the Watchtower staff, still find time to gladden the hearts of the Wesleyan staff.

Mr. J. Lundie Smith is a welcomed contributor from the staff of the Mercer Cluster.

Miss Gustie Yarbrough, Miss Elizabeth Bragg, and Miss Dorothy Blackmon are authors of short stories which do credit to their sophomore class.

Confessions of a Senior comes from the pen of a girl who has made for herself a name in journalistic circles. Miss Frieda Kaplan is editor of the Veterropt and contributor to all publications.

Although she is on the Y. W. cabinet, Miss Dorothy McKay has remembered her old friend, the Wesleyan, of which she was freshman editor last year, with a charming poem, The Lonely Cabin.



Foreword

THE WESLEYAN, literary magazine of Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, enters upon the twenty-seventh volume.

As Wesleyan is a typical Southern institution whose record is linked inseperably with the history of a gallant and wonderful people, as the college since its founding in 1836 has trained Southern women to lead beautiful lives of noble influence, the magazine for 1925-1926 will be developed around the central theme of the South, her history, science, literature, music and general culture. The wisteria, which embodies the purple and lavender colors of the college, a Southern flower of exceeding beauty and rare charm, has been placed above the Table of Contents as emblem of Wesleyan and the South.

Daughters of the South and students of Wesleyan, we devote our magazine to discussion of the ideals and accomplishments of our people, of chivalrous and glorious undertakings which "the world will not willingly let die."

Autumn

By MARY MARSH



O! Autumn is a gypsy maid
With spirit full of fire.
Her dance is one mad frenzied whirl
Of feet that never tire.

Dancing Dollars

By ELIZABETH LEWIS

AT two o'clock Harold Dinsmore slammed a dirty door behind him and turned the key. In the light of the narrow hall one could easily read the writing on the soiled panels of the door. Harold musingly looked at the black lettering: Mother's Muffins & Company, Harold Dinsmore, President. As he gazed a wonderful change took place.

The black letters turned into shining gold. The dirty woodwork became transparent glass. The low hall widened and grew bright with sunshine. Machinery hummed steadily near by.

The man who stood before the gilt and glass door was well-dressed and handsome. He had just lightly leaped from his roadster and was ascending the stairway. Harold Dinsmore—for really it was he—was about to begin his day's work. He was president of Mother's Muffins & Company, which had just declared the largest dividend in its history. He was indeed the inventor of the formula for Mother's Muffins, the instantaneous muffin powder, a boon to every housewife.

Harold's hand was in the door knob. He would have turned it and rushed to his desk with a cheery good-morning to his secretary, but the door resisted. It was locked. He sourly looked at the panels which had now resumed their dreary white. Taking the key from the door, he descended the rickety stairs and, seeking the narrow street, took a car for Fairmont Avenue. So does the dreamer come down from fairy lands to the sad reality of life.

Harold jostled to the front of the car and found an empty seat. He tried to read the afternoon paper he had just bought, but his thoughts came back to his own concerns. It may have been his air castle, which for the moment seemed so real, had served only to depress him further. Things were looking just a little darker than they had just outside the door.

During his childhood Harold had found some diversion in working out the formula of an instantaneous muffin powder on which he based his dreams for making a fortune. He told his secrets only to his old grandfather, with whom he lived, until Margaret Castleberry came to visit friends near him.

After that things changed for Horald. He found someone to talk to, someone who believed in him. Margaret had grown tired of country life and was going to Melville to live. She urged Harold to follow her example. In one year they were married. At that time she was nineteen and Harold was twenty-one. Now, two years later, there was a third member in their small flat, Geraldine, four months old. How much a four months old girl can change homelife. During the first year all was easy—Margaret worked (against Harold's will) and helped to bear the burdens. Then, too, there were no doctor's bills, no nurses, no hospitals—

Harold rang the bell. He got off the car with a heavy heart and walked slowly up the street. Two blocks further on he turned into the flat's entrance. To his left was a row of bells, each containing a letter-slot and a card bearing the tenant's name.

A frown covered Harold's brow as he read the cards in the bell belonging to the apartment 4-C. One read "Mr. Harold Dinsmore", the other, "Miss Margaret Castleberry". Margaret's ideas on marriage included a belief in the bride's right to keep her maiden name.

The three flights of stairs which Harold now ascended were slightly less dingy than those of the lofty building

where Mother's Muffins occupied one shabby room. These stairs, however, had windows of red and green stained glass —an elegance not permitted to the lofty building. Harold passed them wearily without a tribute of admiration. He let himself into apartment 4-C.

"Margaret", he called. A smile came to his lips as he heard a short whistle from the bedroom. Margaret appeared in the doorway.

She wore a short-sleeved, pink, gingham dress. Her eyes were large and very blue. Had it not been for the manner with which she carried the baby in one arm, it would have been easy to believe she was only a little girl.

"Hello." They looked at each other proudly for a moment. "Here, take your child," Margaret told him, "while I get the simple lunch which is waiting in the kitchen." She pulled out the living room table and arranged Harold's mid-day meal on it. Taking the baby, she sat down beside him.

"What's the news? she asked. "Any orders this morning?"

Harold shook his head. "No, no orders at all. And no checks. I was hoping for some checks today. There's the rent— and two or three more bills. Honestly, I think I'd borrow, if I knew any one to borrow from. Just enough to tide us over this slow time you know."

"It's strange the people won't pay," she added with a sigh. "It's ridiculous I can't take the job! That would solve everything." She looked at Geraldine with affectionate resentment. "If you were old enough to take care of yourself," she told herself "and let your mother have a little time off."

They were silent for a minute. Harold drank his coffee and lighted a cigarette. Margaret watched him, and anxiety gradually deepened in her young face.

"Harold," she said at last. "You're working too hard. You can't deny it. I just can't see you work like that. There must be some way I can help!"

"Don't be silly, dear, you've got to take care of Geraldine. Then, too, I'm not much good if I can't support my family. I never liked the idea of my wife working—"

"Blah," said Geraldine suddenly. She smiled mischievously at her father.

"A very good disposition," her mother told her. She laid Geraldine on the couch and picked up the paper. "Female Help Wanted," she read aloud. "There ought to be something I could do."

"Don't be too absurd—" he was interrupted by Margaret's hand, shaking his arm.

"Dear!" she cried. "It's a miracle. We can earn two hundred dollars!" She sank on the arm of his chair, holding the paper out before him. Together they read the advertisement.

> Wanted—Two people who love each other and will consent to solemnize marriage by a jazz wedding. The ceremony will be performed by a parson, and all arrangements will be made for having the bride and groom dance securely into wedded bliss. The reward given to the couple will be two hundred dollars, in addition to automobile transportation to and from the place of the wedding, a handsome bouquet for the bride, and all expenses pertaining to the wedding.

Harold and Margaret looked up from the paper. Their astonished eyes met. Margaret's face was radiant. "There!" she said. "We could do that. We can dance, and it doesn't take long to marry. I'll leave Geraldine next door."

"How could we do that?", said Harold indignantly. "How can we get married? We are married. Dear, you must be crazy."

"Of course we're married. But we needn't say so. That won't be such a big lie. And it isn't bigamy unless we marry someone else. Don't you see what I mean?"

(Continued on page 43)

Camp Fire Contentment

By SALOME ANDERSON

IF a child has never made mud pies, she has missed half the joy of child life. At camp she gains knowledge, and has experiences that will make her whole life fuller and more complete. As most camps are very much alike, I shall write of what I think is an ideal camp. It should be situated on a high mountain in the midst of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Georgia. To live, to work, to play, and to sleep in the center of such grandeur and beauty stimulates one's body to abundant health, makes one's mind clear and active, and fills one's soul with Pippa's song, "God's in His Heaven, All's Right With the World."

Just to live in such an environment for two months would be a vacation well spent, but to live a camp life there is an education as well as a wonderful vacation.

Perhaps one of the most novel experiences to a new camper is horseback riding. The first day she is taken out to "the ring" and given exercises. To her, her horse's mouth looks like a great dragon's, ready to swallow her; his feet look like huge rollers, ready to crush her, and she feels like a little pigmy. But she soon overcomes most of that fear, and can go out on the road. Not even the thrill of pushing the accelerator to the floor and letting her car go, can equal the thrill of sitting close to her horse and letting him go. It gives her a feeling of wild, savage freedom to race over the hills like the Indians of long ago.

In the city we campers would have felt very ill used if we had been asked to walk four blocks, but at camp a hike of four miles is nothing. We city creatures who are not worth a thing until we get our morning coffee, forget ourselves, and enjoy breakfast on the mountains. We get up when the air is cool and fresh, and the sun is just rising above a tall mountain, and tramp up a narrow path to a little spring. There we eat our burnt bacon with much more relish than we eat



our perfectly prepared breakfast at home.

An overnight hike is an education. First we roll our packs and shoulder them, and then we climb for miles up a narrow, steep mountain trail. Just before sunset we reach the top of the mountain. While we cook supper over a camp fire, we watch the red ball of sun fill the numerous mountains and valleys with colors and lights and shadows, and then drop behind a distant peak. There are two mysteries about a camp fire which I have never solved: Why does food cooked over a camp fire taste so good, and why does one feel so utterly contented while sitting around a camp fire? When we lie down to rest, we learn the meaning of the simile, "as hard as a rock." But when we open our eyes and see the black sky arched above us with its cold bright moon and its millions of stars shining down, we come to the conclusion that man was not meant to be caged in a house.

There are many other phases of camp life which develop and entertain one. In the daytime, swimming, boating and the usual sports are indulged in, and at night, parties, dances, plays, burlesques and pageants fill the hours between supper and taps. If a girl has never had all these experiences, she has never fully lived.

The Heritage of a Southerner

By ALBERTA BELL

THE great and glorious heritage of the South is becoming covered with dust. The South has no history to keep this dust swept away and its heritage shining genuinely. The sons and daughters of the South must write a history and establish the South's glorious past before the civilized world. If the children of the South do not themselves uphold the truth of history "the dust on antique time will lie unswept and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer." Page, a true son of the old South, shows how closely connected are the hopes of the future with the records of the past when he says, "Reverence for the greatness of its past and pride of race are two cardinal elements in national strength." He gives high hope for Southerners by proudly stating, "We are the inheritors of a thousand years of courage and devotion to principle." A revival of truths and a summary of historical facts will show that to the South, more than to any other section, is the United States indebted for "the genius, wisdom, enterprise, patriotism, and valor that have given it so proud an eminence among the nations of the earth." If these facts are fixed "in the firmament of truth" and handed down to posterity, success, equal to that of the past, and fame, equal to that of any other section of the world, is assured for the South, and the South will ever be a home of cherished traditions.

The progress of the South has been remarkable. In spite of handicaps Fate imposed on her, she has accomplished much. As the great deeds of Southerners are brought back gradually to the minds of the people, the importance of the South is being realized more fully. In the realm of science, in the history of the nation, in the world of letters, and in culture, inspired Southerners have been among the most famed men of the nation and the world.

Southerners have been pioneers in scientific matters. The discovery of oxygen in the sun by photography, pronounced the most original discovery ever made in physical science, was made by a native of the South, Henry Draper, of Virginia. The man who first used sulfuric ether to produce anasthesia for surgical operations, was Dr. Crawford W. Long, a Georgian; Dr. Walter Reed, discoverer of transfusion of yellow fever through the mosquito; Dr. J. A. Wyeth, physician and surgeon to whom the world is indebted for most notable advances in surgery, and Benjamin W. Dudley, world's greatest lithotomist, were all Southerners. The French Academy of Sciences declared that Cyrus McCormick, a Southern man, has done more for agriculture than any other man. Matthew Fontaine Maury, of the South was the first to mark out specific routes in the Atlantic, first to completely describe Gulf Stream, first to institute the system of deep sea sounding, and first to suggest cable in bed of ocean. Another Southerner, Dr. Palmer, originated the plan for splicing cables in mid ocean. The Gatling gun, machinery that propells a boat by steam, the first comprehensive system of ciphers for press, first system of pyrotechnic signals, the original fire-extinguisher, and the first international fog-signals—were all invented by Southern men. Besides all these valuable contributions to science, the South claims the most learned American mineralogist, John Lawrence Smith of South Carolina, and the greatest American naturalist, Audubon of Louisiana.

From the birth of our nation up to the present time, the sons of the South have been among the chief builders of

the United States. During the revolution of the American colonies, the commander-in-chief of the Continental navy, James Nicholson; the first President of the Continental Congress, Peyton Randolph; and Richard Henry Lee, the author of the resolution which declared the Colonies free and independent states, were natives of the South. That most illustrious American, "the father of his country" and "the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen" was a Southern man. A Southerner wrote the Declaration of Independance, which Gladstone calls "the greatest work ever struck off by pen of man." "The father of the Constitution," Madison, was a Southerner. Southerners have occupied the White House for over half the period of the government's existence. Nine men have been twice elected President of the United States; six of these were Southern men. The administrations of Southern presidents have been marked by momentous changes which made for progress. The statesmanship of Jefferson, a Southern President, aided by James Monroe, a Southern diplomat, expanded the United States from the Gulf of Mexico and Mississippi river to the Pacific Ocean. Under Tyler, another Southerner, Texas, New Mexico, and California were added to the United States. Another President, the author of the Emancipation Proclamation, was of Southern birth and lineage, and he boasted of it.

Many American men of valor, both adventurers and soldiers, were of the South. Among the names of explorers, will live the names, Meriwether Lewis and Wiliam Clark, Virginians, the first white men to cross the North American continent. Lieutenant James B. Lockwood, a Southerner, wrested from England the honor of having reached "furthest north." Andrew Jackson, a Southern man in command of Southern troops, performed "the most daring act of an age" in overthrowing the Barbary powers. Captain John Rodgers of Maryland fired the first shot in second war of United States with England. Again and again, Southerners have displayed their daring and bravery.

The dauntless courage, the brilliant mind, and fervent patriotism of Southerners is manifest in their accomplishments in science and history. But the soul of the South is its literature. Its oratory has molded the history of the nation, to a great extent. It was a Southern orator whose words nerved the Americans in the struggle for independence. The chosen orator for the Centennial of the Constitution was Samuel F. Miller of the South. Of the American orators known as "the great trio," two, Clay and Calhoun, were Southerners. Richard Henry Lee, "a Cicero in the senate," vehement Toombs, fluent Hayne, classical Davis, and Watson, "the sage of McDuffie," have spoken and are still being heard as their words have come echoing down the hall of time. To hear Grady and Yancy, both Southerners, it was worth traveling across the continent.

The South claims authors of renown and charm. The national anthem, The Star Spangled Banner, was written by Francis Scott Key, a young Southern lawyer. A Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, was selected to write the poem for the opening of the Centennial of the Declaration of Independence. The home of Lanier in Macon, Georgia, is the shrine of Lanier's admirers. Edgar Allen Poe, author of tales and poems known all over the world was a Southerner. He has been called "a veritable piper of Hamelin to all American writers since his time." It has been said that "by all considerations of climate, temperament, and richness of poetic material, the South is the inevitable home of poetry." Such names as Poe, Hayne, Hope, Thompson, Timrod, and Father O'Ryan bring to mind poetry that establishes the truth of this statement. In Page, Dixon, Simmons, Poe,

(Continued on page 50)

A Dream of Color

By MAMIE HARMON

I had a dream of color once—
A mass of colors,
Jostling, crowding, laughing around me
Like children at a circus:
Blue like the whole blue sky
Globed in a single blue seadrop and magnified
A million times;
Cones of yellow as when the sunlight
Pricks the lake waters into points of radiance
That dazzle for an instant and are gone;
Circles of red, little mimics of the sun;
And colors of the shady places, called dull,
That still are rich with the treasured memory
Of every gleam of sun that sought them out.
All were there—colors of ten thousand rainbows
Caught up in a single prism,
Then one great red-purple blot over all,
And an after-glow
Like that after sunset in the mountains
All rose and lavender,
And then—a settled gray.

When I awoke from my dream of color
It was as if my eyes had opened in the dream
And now were closed again;
For all seemed commonplace, and gaudy
Like the horrid painted signboards by the road.
Yet with all the ugliness around
I smile, because I know
That someday I will see beneath it all
And then—
I'll dream my dream of color once again.

Weed

By MAUDE McGEHEE

JEFF peered out of the French doors a moment, then reached for his crutch. A little later he was following a small girl with a violin through the woods. Suddenly she stopped and, leaning against a tall tree, began to cry.

"Don't cry, little Sis," Jeff said, stroking her red hair gently. The little girl threw her arms around his neck and hid a tear stained, freckled face on his shoulder.

"Jeff, I can't ever become a great musician," she sobbed, "And why not?" Jeff eyed her with mock severity.

"You know how they all make fun of my playing" she said, kicking at the moss, "they laugh all of the time. Today Bert said my playing sounded as if some one had stepped on the cat and Josie told me she was woefully sorry for the audience." Laurel put her hands in her pockets to imitate her older sister.

Jeff smiled his slow, sweet smile and holding her violin out to her said:

"Play for me, Weed. Let's pretend I'm blind and I want you to tell me about this." His gesture took in all of the deep, cool woods. "Tell me about the hidden violets, Weed, about the tall trees and the spring that murmurs from beneath the fern, the red-birds flashing about in the elders, and the lizards darting beneath the berry bushes. Tell me about the blue, blue sky and the fluffy white clouds floating about in it like boats, you can do it, Weed."

With her cheeks still wet with tears Laurel took the violin and began to play slowly and softly. Jeff stretched himself out upon the moss and watched her from beneath his lashes. Laurel swayed with the music which bubbled like the spring, flashed about like the red-birds, darted like the lizards, and became quiet and sweet like the hidden violets. Finally it stopped and both Jeff and Laurel jumped visibly as applause came from a nearby thicket. In just a moment a chunky little man with a pointed beard and flashing black eyes hurried up to Laurel with quick, short steps.

"Ah, madamoiselle," he began, rubbing his hands together and showing his white teeth in a smile, "the playing—it eez lovely! Who has been teaching you?"

"Teaching me?" Laurel echoed, blankly.

"He means where did you learn that piece, Weed."

The little man eyed a small rosebud on the lapel of Jeff's coat but said nothing.

"I—I just made it up," the child stammered.

Again the little man smiled.

"Jeff told me to play for him about the woods, and the trees and—I did" Laurel explained lamely.

"Yes, you did," smiled the man, "you did well. Have you ever studied?"

"No," the blood rushed to Laurel's cheeks, "my family laughs at me for wanting to be a great musician."

"Money?" asked the little man, turning to Jeff.

"No," Jeff dug a hole in the moss with his crutch, "you see, sir, they don't understand. They think it is a silly childish fancy for Weed to want to be a great musician. There never has been one in the family."

"Weed?"

Jeff laughed and Laurel smiled faintly.

"It was Mamma," she spoke up, "she named me Laurel and now, because it is such a misfit, they call me Weed."

The keen, black eyes of the little man took in the red curls, the deep gray eyes, the creamy complexion, and the slim form of the girl before him.

"I don't know," he said, half to him-

self," it isn't such a misfit. We'll make it fit."

Laurel and Jeff exchanged glances.

"Now," continued the little man, "won't you come here every morning and let me teach you, Madamoiselle? You are a genius. All you need to learn is a bit of technique. Will you come?"

"But you—?" ventured Jeff.

The little man laughed.

"Ah, so forgetful, Monsieur! I am Minat."

Jeff blinked his eyes in amazement.

"Minat! Not the noted French musician who played for us—?"

At the Marne? The same, Monsieur. I see you were there. Here he lifted the lapel of Jeff's coat and held up the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

"How did you get here?" Jeff asked, avoiding Monsieur Minat's look.

"Oh, I like your American forests, I'm camping here for the summer. He looked at Jeff again and the look was a question.

"You are—?"

"Captain Jeffrey Chalmers, twenty-third division."

"He was wounded at the Marne while he was carrying a wounded man to safety," piped up Laurel looking at Jeff's crutch with all her love for her brother shining in her gray eyes.

"We were talking about Laurel," murmured Jeff, shifting his crutch uneasily.

"Oh, yes," Monsieur Minat nodded to the girl as she stood with one hand on Jeff's shoulder, "will you let me teach you, Madamoiselle?"

"Yes!" Laurel could not keep the joy from trembling in her voice.

"Very well, meet me here tomorrow morning," he said, and as he reached the spring, he turned, saluted Jeff gravely and disappeared in the forest.

Long after he had gone, the brother and sister talked. Only the bell at the big white house on the hill made them remember it was dinner time. As they went slowly up to the house, they vowed to keep Laurel's secret until a time came to tell it.

All through the summer mornings Laurel worked at her music and only these three knew of it.

Early in September, Mr. Chalmers began to talk of closing the white house on the hill and returning to the city. Only Jeff and Laurel knew what this meant.

The family returned to town in the next few days, but not before Laurel and Jeff had made their plans with Monsieur Minat.

One night, in the second week in September, found the Chalmers family, with the exception of Jeff and Laurel, at the theater. It had been advertised that a new genius and friend of Monsieur Minat's would play and the house was packed. Behind the scenes Jeff and Monsieur Minat smiled at Laurel who paraded gaily before a tall mirror. She was dressed in a pale green dress that brought out the creaminess of her complexion, the glints of her hair, and the sparkle in her eyes.

"Oh, I'm so happy!" she laughed, then turning to Jeff and Monsieur Minat she said, "you have done it all, you two dear, sweet, wonderful men! And to think I'm to study in Europe with Monsieur Minat!" Suddenly a shadow crossed her happy face.

"Jeff, what will you do?"

Jeff winked at the musician.

"He eez going too, Madamoiselle," was the reply.

Laurel whirled about and caught them both in a bearlike hug.

Just then the curtain rose and a hush fell over the crowded theater. In just a moment, Monsieur Minat, immaculate in a dress suit, hurried into view with the quick, short steps that were so characteristic of him. He made an elaborate bow amid the applause of the house.

"My friends," he began, "I wish to present my artist. Her last piece will

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The Season's Love Song

No story told by the dogwood's
blooms,
White 'mid the 'circling green?
By the joy of the feathered brides
and grooms,
By the living colors seen?
The noise of the mocking bird's glad
songs,
Clear through the sky so blue—
All Georgia's Springtime beauty
Tells
of
Love
and
You.

No poem in the sunset's glow?
O'er the hills 'cross yon lagoon?
As the zephyrs their sweet perfumes
blow,
Beneath the golden moon?
All fragrant flowers that bloom by
the way,
The roses heavy with dew—
All Georgia's Summer beauty
Sings
of
Love
and
You.

No moral in the falling leaves,
Brown, and gold, and red,
As the dying grass we loved
bequeathes
The falling leaves its bed?
The haystacks in the golden fields
Where once the tall grain grew—
All Georgia's Autumn beauty
Speaks
of
Love
and
You.

No music as the black-green pine
Across the bleak hills sends
Its lonesome song, its rhythmic line,
By the effervescent winds?
Oh, patient be and learn with me
What's known by not a few—
All Georgia's Wintry beauty
Croons
of
Love
and
You.

EDITORIAL

Wesleyan Citizenship

By FRANCES HORNER



ALWAYS it has been said that Wesleyan girls are known of all others because of what is known as that indefinable air, that something we call spirit which distinguishes them somehow from all others with whom they come in contact. If you have been at Wesleyan as long as a few months, the spirit somehow seizes upon you never to let you go.

And there's one thing which makes this spirit, which helps each and every Wesleyan girl love "the oldest and best," little as some may think it. There is a something which, working consistently and silently, creates an air of honor and trust between the faculty and girls and even among the girls themselves. And this something, this important factor in the happiness of the life of every single Wesleyan girl, is the Student Government Association with all its branches and influences.

We hear of the long ago when Wesleyan was surrounded by a high wall and it seems hard for us to believe. Somehow it has always seemed as rather an impossible dream in this day of growing independence and freedom. In those days, however, and even in later years, student government was something unheard of as well as unthought of. Faculty government was the only kind that was known and accepted.

It was only through the enterprising spirit of the girls themselves and some few far-seeing members of the faculty that an organization of the students themselves for the purpose of self-governing was formulated, an organization which is growing daily in breadth and wisdom.

Imagine Wesleyan surrounded by a high wall, and imagine "the oldest and best" without a Student Government organization. They both seem to be equally impossible. Think of this then when in the coming spring Wesleyan is to have the great honor of entertaining the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Governments within her own halls and dormitories!

May the organization never lose its heart-hold upon us but continue to grow to all that is best and to contribute still more to the gaining of that wonderful Wesleyan spirit which lasts throughout the years.

The Goose Quill

THE GOOSE QUILL, as an ancient and honorable institution, rivals the Magna Charta and excels, certainly in point of time, the Declaration of Independence.

Its origin as an implement of writing is lost in the dim light of the ages, but its cause for being is a matter of very probable conjecture.

Back in the days before men wrote their ideas, the only logical substitute for the library, the reading-room and university parallel shelves was the camp-fire. There it was that men recounted their deeds of glory to admiring and envying companions; there, too, men gave their opinions as they gazed into the glowing embers of the hickory logs and knots of pine; there, also, men handed down the glories of their tribes from generation to generation.

Had man always been disposed to tell and believe the truth, perhaps the quill would never have come into existence. But, alas, for the peacefulness of the camp-fire! The red-headed cave man was all too prone to dispute with the cave man of the fiery blue eyes the respective merits of their great-great grandfathers.

"We must have records," the cave men said frantically to one another, "or all our brave chieftains shall be killed by disputing these word-of-mouth stories."

Thus writing came into being. And with it the quill. Then came the Egyptian papyrus and the scrolls of the wise men in the East and much later the old ivory-colored parchments of the Occidental monasteries.

Why was it that of all the quills used the goose quill has been handed down to the present day as the most popular, the most durable, the most universal symbol of writing? Again conjecture is the main form of reason. For the quill of the eagle has been used as well as the feather of the humble crow, said to be excellent in very fine writing.

At any rate, the goose quill is our symbol. Historians have said that it was the cackling of the geese that saved Rome. But some very wise persons are of the opinion that it was the crackling of the goose quills against the parchment of Virgil, of Horace, of Cicero, and of other like authors which has saved Rome for fame in the present generation.

The usefulness of the goose quill none will gainsay. The medieval lord, to whom learning and law were often strangers, found that implement to possess unusual versatility. He could sit in his castle ostensibly penning a letter of thundering defiance to his neighbor baron. But woe be unto the servant who disturbed him in his busy moments. The quill then served double duty of addressing the missive and stabbing the unfortunate servant sharply as a reminder to keep his place.

The goose quill has penned lines which have started wars; it has caused the downfall of nations; it sent Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette to the block; it signed the Declaration of Independence; it banished the great Napoleon to the Island of Elba; it has sealed the fate of many a lover.

Meanwhile it has kept its accustomed dignity, its plume waving proudly above its sharpened point.

The modern day goose quill is sadly altered in appearance. Its point is usually gold, while its beautiful plume is encased in a cylindrical metal case and kept forever in a state of inkiness. For the quill of old has yielded to the trusty fountain pen. But the symbol is still with us.

All the history and fascinating tradition which attached to the goose quill are now transferred to the self-filling Waterman. Far be it from the Wesleyan to lament the passing of the quill if only the exceeding usefulness of that institution affix to the fountain pen also.

Students of Wesleyan, your ancestors made good use of the goose quill. Your heritage is the fountain pen. Seize it quickly and write.

The magazine is in need of your contributions.

Out at Rivoli

"A blissful certainty, vision bright,
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves."

—LONGFELLOW, the Spanish Student.

OUT at Rivoli three years ago next spring a group of Wesleyan freshmen walked for the first time over the new campus and talked of the "vision bright" which the purchase of the property had made possible.

Little could they foresee how quickly their dreams were to come true. In those days the campus, 132 acres of gently rolling land and groves, shrubbery and lake, had just been bought. Talk of Greater Wesleyan was in glowing but general terms of the future.

But today, not yet three years from the time that Wesleyan students saw the new site for the first time, the dream of a greater plant has become a "blissful certainty."

In June, 1926, the trustees will take possession of the Rivoli property. Actual construction of the building will begin on or about that date.

Wesleyan students who were freshmen on that day when they inspected the beautiful acres are glad to be alive in such times as these. They are triply glad: for themselves, who are witnessing the beginning of the plant; for the students who will enter Greater Wesleyan; and for Southerners, among whom the wonderful new buildings will be placed.

As the freshmen of '26 approach the close of their senior year, their eyes are turned always toward the expansion program of Greater Wesleyan. They hope constantly for speedy realization of the extension plans. With diplomas almost within their grasp, they turn to look at the campus where they stood that spring day three years ago, for their hearts are with the beautiful campus out at Rivoli.

Overflow



By SARA L. JENKINS

When there's a tang in the touch of the air, close against your cheek
And the wind whistles sharp as it blows through the eaves of the house;
When the meadows are wrapped in a soft and a purple haze
And the asters that nestle in hollows are soft purple, too;
When the goldenrod blooms in a glory up high on the hill,
When the sky at the sunset is dyed with a deep amber hue
And the fodder is gathered and stacked and the bins are pure gold
And the crimson of leaves and the crimson of joy in the heart
Meet and blend with the gold and the brown of a beautiful world;
When the cup that is joy is quite full to the brim and a drop
Added more, when the flicker of firelight lights up the heart
And content is so full that it can't be contained,
Comes a spell from the witch of the moon that is Hallowe'en.

The Vision Splendid

By FRANCES HORNER

ALL the world has read of the heroes of the Round Table in the tales of Tennyson and of many other authors. To some, the object of many of the pilgrimages of these Knights, the search for the Holy Grail, may appear as something dim and misunderstood. Lowell tells us, in his own notes, that as the Holy Grail was held sacred by many of these knights because of its connection with Jesus at the Last Supper, being the cup from which He drank, so it was held sacred by many others before and after the kingship of Arthur. It was his purpose, therefore, to write a poem that would show this, the plot around which it should be centered being his own.

The Holy Grail had been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea and kept there as an object of adoration by the lineal descendants of that man. These descendants were given the charge that they keep themselves chaste in thought, word, and deed. It was on the disobedience of one of these that the cup disappeared and the search for it ensued.

It was not as a story of contemporary life that Lowell wrote the "Vision of Sir Launfal," for although the poem is in a setting of the time after the supposed date of King Arthur's reign, it is still in surroundings antique enough to appear in contrast with Lowell's Nineteenth Century world. The religious life of the latter time may indeed be said to be somewhat below the ideal held in the time of the search for the grail, and it seems that Lowell desired to fill us with some feeling of the higher religious purpose above the run of everyday life. Though we live in a Christian world, there is a beautiful thought in the poem which we cannot afford to overlook and which is true though the times be as far apart as the Creation and the Day of Resurrection.

The subject matter of the poem may best be discussed by giving a short synopsis of the work in all its beauty and simplicity. Divided as it is into two parts we have a prelude given to each part which seems to give the proper setting to what succeeds. We are told in the Prelude to Part 1, that we pay for everything on this earth, that it is God who gives us things for the asking and that "Heaven alone is given away." From the thought that June may be had by the poorest person alive, the author launches into the beauties of a June day and the happiness of such, saying:

> "We may shut our eyes, but we
> cannot help knowing
> That skies are blue and grass is
> growing."

As Lowell says, is it any wonder that in such weather and at such a time Sir Launfal should remember the keeping of a vow which it is evident he has made some time previous to this?

As we enter into the perusal of Part 1, we see immediately that the vow which Sir Launfal has made and is now preparing to fulfill is that of going in search of the long-lost Holy Grail. He orders his armor and spurs to be brought forth that he may go the following day to keep his vow. He goes to sleep that night on the rushes hoping that while he sleeps a vision may come to him. Pondering thus his eyes grow dim and into his soul flew the vision.

In his dream the landscape and countryside bright and beautiful are seen in their summer array and everything is gay. Within the castle walls, however, like "an outpost of winter," all is sad, gray, and chill. The drawbridge drops with a clang and Sir Launfal springs through the arch on

(Continued on page 51)

BEGINNING YOUNG

(Note.—The Wesleyan staff believes in an early start, especially in freshman contributions to the magazine. In order to interest the class of '29 in writing, the staff opened a contest on the subject, Beginning Young, freshmen only being eligible to write. These are the three best essays chosen for publication.)

Beginning Young

"For the structure which we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build,"

—LONGFELLOW.

IN the structure of every life there should be four divisions —four rooms of **equal** size. These rooms we may call "The Room of Being Happy with our Strength," "The Room of Being Happy with our Thoughts," "The Room of Being Happy with Other People," and the Room of Being Happy with God." The foundation of the structure of each girl's life has already been laid when she comes to college. Each of these rooms is shown in the floor plan of the structure, but perhaps some are far too large and others entirely too small. It is here at Wesleyan, I believe, that we may make our rooms equal in size and splendor. But how can we go about this and when?

There are many things to make us happy with our Strength. The tennis courts like to be played on, the "pool" and "gym" are waiting to develop our muscles. This winter there will be long hikes out into the country and games in the open. There are two efficient teachers who know just what is the matter with us and how we may correct it. Certainly Wesleyan lacks no good thing for the development of our physical selves!



Around the college there is an atmosphere of culture and learning. If our lessons and parallel do not give us enough food for thought, there are additional books in the library for us to devour and many learned teachers with whom we may converse and sharpen our nimble wits. Most of us came to Wesleyan to build this room, and here we find ample material.

At Wesleyan we may surely be happy with other people! What a welcome the "Y. W." gave us and how "grand" everyone has been! And all the teachers and all the girls are just the friendliest sort. With just a little effort this room, no matter how small before, can be made as large as the rest.

Not only is the atmosphere around

Wesleyan cultural and friendly, but it is also religious. The inspiring talks at chapel, the Sunday evening vespers, the Bible classes, the "Y. W." and the superior characters of the girls and faculty members contribute to this. Truly Wesleyan is the place to build our room of being Happy with God.

We have used the material of our yesterdays for our foundations. It is the blocks of **today** with which we build our four rooms. Girls, while we are girls, let us begin building our life structure by the Four-fold plan.

GERALDINE DESSAU WHEELER.

Beginning Young

SO they think we freshmen are beginning young! How encouraging! But b e g i n n i n g **what?** Beginning to develop? Oh, are we that smart? Beginning to study? I guess we know that by now. No, we're beginning to learn just a small degree of what life at Wesleyan means. We're beginning to learn what it means to be a part (but Freshmen doesn't the part seem small?) of a family, which for years has been taking girls just as hopeless as we believe ourselves and sending them out, cultured, Christian women.

We have learned that this Wesleyan family is one of the most hospitable we have ever known. In families where one new member is added, there is often an older brother to frown upon the little thing with savage jealousy. But here when so many new members are added the older sisters smile upon us, show us in every possible way how welcome we are, and even give us delightful parties. How we love being here and knowing such lovely girls!

And just as surely as the baby in our other home grows we are to grow. There are many agencies for our physical development. We all believe that after our four years of "gym," swimming, tennis, basketball, and other sports, we'll be young ladies "wondrously fair to look upon." Though we are somewhat awed now by the huge books in the library, and the "perfectly enormous" assignments of our various teachers we know that we, too, even like so many others, will successfully "digest" them, and continue to learn, until at last we have become wise!

CLARA NELL HARGROVE.

Beginning Young

Over and over again there rings in my ears the words that the old nurse used to sing to a little cousin of mine:
And, oh! you're just a little lad,

A little lad, a little lad,
Who ought to think the world's a place

For having fun and being glad,
Who ought to be good friends with trees,

And chummy with the sky and breeze
And who's to blame, I wonder, if you
Grow up dull and useless and bad?

And immediately there comes to my mind the question, "Why is it that so many of us grow up so useless, careless, and bad?" This question, when put to herself by the college girl, suggests one answer, "I failed to begin young."

ESSIE MAE COBB.

Page From the Diary of an Ex-Freshman

By SUSIE HEARD

AFTER logical consideration I conclude that the pleasure of being a Sophomore is a most direct result of having formerly been a Freshman who was fortunate enough to experience the most delightful transformation of being enrolled as a full-fledged Sophomore. Then, too, it has been said a Freshman is nothing more nor less than a Sophomore in rudimentary form, but those who believe this have most assuredly overlooked the dire casualties attendant upon mid-semester and final examinations.

After having gone through my Freshman year and overcoming the myriad obstacles which beset one's pathway during that trying period, when the wary student has once emerged into the state of being a Sophomore, she is eager to endorse the statement set forth in the delightful lines from Edgar Guest:

"Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tints on the clouds of Doubt.
And you never can tell how close you are,
You're ofttimes near when you seem far afar.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst, you can't afford to quit."

Wesleyan has given me a more complete understanding and a broader comprehension of the ideals and objectives of college life. After all, life at college is only a miniature form of real, serious, and earnest life which we may live in after years in a world with an infinitely broader horizon. The zeal and sincerity which characterizes one's years spent at college, the ability to meet and overcome difficulties and disappointments incident to college life, all contribute toward the requisite experience which is so necessary to equip the individual to meet the varied demands of life in later years of responsibility.

This year at Wesleyan has afforded me a delightful continuation of friendships and associations formed during my first year at college. My education would be wholly incomplete without the influence of these classmates whose daily lives afford me opportunity to pursue that most valuable and absorbing study, human nature. The friendships formed here will forever be among the most delightful and cherished experiences of my entire life. My associations with the girls has made me realize that without friendship there can be no pleasure. Their willingness to help each other is one of the lovable things about them.

A committee which shows the spirit of co-operation is the Student Government Council. There are few colleges which can boast of self-government which received the co-operation of the student body and which has the success that this council has.

The Y. W. C. A. is another wonderful institution of Wesleyan. She welcomes her old girls to the college in early September and she also welcomes and cheers the lonely, homesick Freshman. "Get-together" parties are given by this association in order to introduce all the girls to each other. It is through the kindness and thoughtfulness of the members of the association that the new girl is directed by the blue dressed Y. W. girl over the bewildering college buildings and grounds. The Y. W. C. A. also takes charge of the chapel exercises at various times during the year. The work of our Y. W. C. A. girls at Wesleyan this year has helped me to see that "To do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is the straight pathway to happiness.

The exercises held in the chapel this

(Continued on page 52)

Daughters of the Moon

By KATHERINE CATCHINGS

In a palace of snow and beaten gold,
With his daughters the old moon dwells.
In turrets of ice and pinnacles cold
All flecked with stars. While fairy lore tells
This legend of heroines old.

Spring is his first, with moist coral lips;
But Summer, with black-fringed eyes,
Tempestuous, impulsive, with warm finger-tips
For beauty would carry first prize
The god's sweetest nectar she sips.

And Autumn—Oh Autumn! the moon's joy is—
Was all golden, tan, and deep red,
With hoidenish curls like those of a boy's,
While Winter makes comfort wherever she's led
On feet so exquisitely poised.

One day the moon shed a tear down his face,
O'er the turrets of gold and of snow.
And sent his fair daughters away to a place
Where beauties inevitably go.
To the Southland he sent them a-chase.

And then in old Georgia they made their abode
And reigned like the queen that each was;
Each taking her turn in the regallest mode
Expressing her favors and laws
In the beauty and wealth she bestowed.

"We shall have flowers," the fair Spring said,
"Let daffodil, dogwood, and dear, fragrant rose,
The violet, the blue of the sky overhead,
And the dainty peach blossom be brought to compose
My new crown. For none can be fairer," she said.

"Oh we shall have sound," was Summer's song,
"And color, and smell and taste.
The flowers are lovely, but put in among
Them the ripple of water, the silence of waste,
The bird and its silvery tongue."

Saucily Autumn skipped in with a laugh,
And whirling her gay, gauzy skirts
She exclaimed, "Winds shall be servants? What chaff!
Mine shall be playmates. It hurts
Me to work. So then let me quaff.

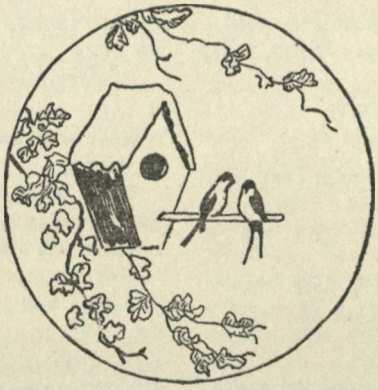
Of the purplest juice of the dusky grape;
I shall hurl the red apple down.
Not the stubbornest cotton boll e'er shall escape
My withering jibe; and my frown
The ground shall with dead leaflets shall drape."

Then Winter smiled, in manner most bland,
"I shall hide the drab with the white,
Glittering and sparkling shall be all the land;
I'll wield my wand with a might,
And the world shall bow to my hand."

Then the moon looked again through his windows of gold;
He was left all alone, all alone,
But he sent them a message of love hundredfold
By his crystalline beams which shone
Clear through his windows of gold.

Exchange Department

By KATHERINE ARMSTRONG



EXCHANGE! A wealth of suggestions lies in those eight letters; and may we as readers of and contributors to this department, realize what the exchanges of The Wesleyan can mean to each student of our college.

Of course we shall continue our interesting and helpful ingathering of criticisms and appreciations from other publications, and our outgoing of the same to other college magazines. Through this department, as the months go by, we shall catch very distinct glimpses of the activities of our sister and brother campuses as given in their literary columns. We shall share with other college students the choicest poetry and wittiest remarks of their respective magazines, and be helped by whatever may be quoted. Our best material will be sought by other exchange departments, probably reprinted and assuredly remarked upon in a most instructive manner.

And it is the earnest desire of this department that the students here at Wesleyan College co-operate in exchange of ideas among themselves. All suggestions about any part of The Wesleyan will be gladly received, and any comments or criticisms will be welcomed.

As a part of our beloved college, the exchange department wishes to do its best to uphold the spirit of Wesleyan. To this worthy ideal each student of Wesleyan College has the opportunity to contribute.

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MERCER LETTER

Dr. Weaver's School for Boys.
September 26, 1925.

To the young ladies at the other end of the Street,
Greetings:

Wesleyan we are here! The deserted plow stands mournfully in the half-finished furrow, and old Dobbin, like the anti-prohibitionist, calls in vain for his accustomed corn.

The by-ways and hedges of Podunk ring no more with the sound of youthful laughter, and the sign "Boy Wanted" adorns the village store. The village maidens gaze sadly at the moon, even as Dad at his check book, and in all the country round about there is nought of jollity and merriment, for the Mercer boy has gone to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Wesleyan, we are here!

The Freshman (From whom all blessings flow!) chatters in the hostile grasp of Sherwood, writes pitiful letters to mother and sweetheart, and mourns for his tresses. How the mighty have fallen!

How do you like that? Well, neither do I. But when inspiration fails, desperation follows. This is what followed. (One page : : : six hundred words. Oh you Remington!)

One dignified editor (All editors are dignified) asked me if—or told me that—I would write the Mercer letter for the Wesleyan. I said just what every member of the male of the species has said since, and including, Adam: "Yes 'um." What Mercer will have to say about it has not been—and certainly shouldn't be—printed.

Fortunately, perhaps, I know very little about Mercer. Dr. Weaver and I have just succeeded in completing my sophomore year—which is pardonable—and, moreover, I am only a "town boy"—which isn't. Jared Alexander Simmons and I could swap hair tint for tint and never skip a shade, my favorite subject is Latin, I approve of bobbed hair, and I like my eggs fried on both sides. So there we are! Ladies, I'm glad to meet you. ("May she ask him in?")

Since this contribution to the literature of the ages, this "effort", was perpetrated (Yes, that's the right word; see "outrage") by request, courtesy requires that it be published. Which will be novel even if the letter isn't. I once attempted to write a column for the Mercer "Cluster", christened it "Comments", and dropped it in the chute. I fished it out of my mail box two days later, with "Comments Unnecessary" blue-penciled on the back. 'Twas ever thus. (Cf. "gazelle".)

I asked my editor friend (?) if she had any copies of previous Mercer letters that I might use for a guide. She said that she didn't want any more like those. I wonder what she would tell the poor unfortunate who would ask for a copy of this. All I can tell him is, to trust to Fate and a fast back-field.

Since this is really a Mercer letter (I declare it is!) I think that it would be well to give a line or two of it to things relative to Mercer. Having "Glad- to-see-you-back"-ed everybody on the campus, including Dr. Ragsdale, and having equipped the Freshmen to endure, in comfort if not in beauty, the ravages of the heat wave, we are ready for the class room—which isn't even meant to be funny, really!

But in all this conglomeration of sines and cosines, gerunds and gerundives, Napoleons and Cromwells, liquids and solids, Keats and Shelleys, cases and procedures,—and first downs and punts,—yet do we have time (sufficient) and inclination (perennial) to turn our eyes and our steps toward that assembly of the fairest in a land where all are fair. Wesleyan, we are here!

J. LUNDIE SMITH, JR.,
Class of Who-Knows-When,
Mercer University.

The First Dean of Wesleyan

Professor J. C. Hinton Retires after Thirty-five Years of Active Service

By ELIZABETH SINQUEFIELD

IN the halls of Wesleyan College is written the record of a loyal, efficient professor, loved and venerated by each student who has struggled through the labyrinths of equiangular triangles to the heights of shining stars.

Professor James C. Hinton, who has been connected with Wesleyan as professor of mathematics and astronomy for thirty-five years, and as dean for twenty-five of these years, has retired from his active career of teaching and now is the keeper of records for the institution.

And in his office he ponders over these records into which he himself has written his life's blood. A man, small in stature, slightly stooped from his years of scholarly toil, with gray eyes dreamy behind his glasses he muses back over the records of his tasks of dean, and professor, and over his pleasures in writing poetry and magazine articles.

James C. Hinton was born on December 25, 1856, in Americus, Georgia. His father, the Reverend J. W. Hinton, was a Methodist preacher of noted ability as a pulpit orator. From him and other preachers and teachers among his ancestors Mr. Hinton inherited his aptness as a scholar, later so well manifested.

As preachers are wont, his father moved about until during the War Between the States the family was forced to refugee from Griffin to Cuthbert. Ever frail in body Mr. Hinton was ill during the journey and was unable to enter Andrew College as he had planned.

His frailty prevented his attendance at school until he started in Atlanta at the age of nine years. However, much reading so sufficed to aid him that he had soon far surpassed his classmates.

"My training here," he avows, "started me so well that study has always been a pleasure to me. I always liked mathematics from the first. My father wanted me to be a lawyer, but I had no idea of making public speeches."

And this exactly sums up his reserved nature—never uttering one word of praise of himself but ever entertaining with his scholarly, entertaining conversations and lectures.

He came to Macon in 1867, and this city he claims as his home. In preparation for entering Mercer he studied with Sleater at his school on Magnolia Street directly in front of Wesleyan College. Perhaps in those boyhood days the thought of beloved work and even romance in those historic halls lurked in his mind.

He, a mere boy of fourteen years, entered Mercer University on the first day it opened its doors in Macon, and also he had the distinction of being the first regular freshman enrolled. At seventeen years he finished with the A. B. degree, as first honor graduate and two years later he received his A. M. degree from the University of Georgia. Here, in spite of having to complete the full curriculum of the school, he won the honor of being elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

On January 1, 1891, Professor James C. Hinton first came to Wesleyan College to devote his life in faithfully performing his duties and in helping to raise the standards of the college. Back in those days, thirty-five years ago, every curly-haired senior (for bobbed hair was no yet in vogue) had to take astronomy.

"Yes," said Mr. Hinton, "the whole course was prescribed, and instead of choosing English or history or some other subject as a major course, a

student took all subjects."

Difficult as this seems to students of the institution now, it was more difficult for the professors then who must not give instruction only in mathematics, but also in other subjects, such as Bible, as Mr. Hinton did. He is noted as an excellent scholar of the Bible and hymnology, as well as of mathematics and of poetry.

The old wall suggesting old rules was still standing then.

"You girls talk about being restricted now," Mr. Hinton spoke with his eager face lighted by that rare smile, "but the girls then were not allowed to even bow to a boy during the march to church or anywhere. But, of course, the boys broke into the lines."

During these early years he found here a "model student" for four years in his classes, whom he later persuaded to be a "model wife." He was married to Miss Emma Crawford of Milledgeville in 1896.

In 1897 Mr. Hinton was made dean of the college under the administration of Dr. Hammond, holding this position for a period of twenty-five years, voluntarily resigning after this hard labor. During this time he not only acted as dean but continued to capably fill the chair of mathematics.

"It is wonderful how he did all this work," stated Professor Leon P. Smith, his colleague for fifteen years, "teaching mathematics and astronomy, and acting as dean and registrar—work now divided among many members of the faculty. He was the first dean of any college in the state, I think, and surely of any woman's college in Georgia."

In addition to holding these positions he has added much to the college by his manifested interest in every phase of college life. His chapel talks have been a source of inspiration to many.

In addition to all this work he has been the head of a home which has produced two distinguished sons. Professor James Hinton, doctor of philosophy, is at Emory University. He has won many honors in the literary world, having attended Emory, where he was graduated with the highest honor; Vanderbilt, where he received the A. M. degree; Harvard, where he received the Ph.D. degree, and where he won a year's traveling scholarship to England.

The other son is Dr. C. C. Hinton, who is connected with the Middle Georgia Sanitarium. He speaks highly of his father's scholarship and home life.

"He certainly puts his heart into everything he does," he states; "his school work, the church, the study of the Bible, his Sunday School class, which he taught for about ten years in the Vineville Methodist Sunday School, and in his hobby of carpentry. He inherited a talent for writing from his father, who was editor of the Quarterly Review, and has written many magazine articles for this and other church papers."

In return for this splendid life of service to the college, it is but as a tiny token of the love and appreciation in which the college holds him that the senior class of this year has dedicated the college annual to him.

AT LAST WESLEYAN GIRLS CAN KNOW PROFESSOR HINTON THE POET

IT might suffice to say that most of my writing for publication has been prose, being in the main articles contributed to the Southern Methodist Quarterly Review, for about eight years edited by my father.

The only long poem ever written by me was the Class Poem for the first reunion of my class in the University of Georgia in 1882. I have never really set out, save in the case of the Class Poem, to write in verse, but perhaps few persons there are who do not like Mr. Wegg feel at times like "dropping

(Continued on page 53)

The Brilliant Miss King

By GUSTIE YARBOROUGH

THROUGH a screen of crimson ramblers that gave a festive touch to the quaint little cottage she had rented for the summer, Barbara Harrison saw a ragged and barefooted boy nail a white placard to one of the magnificent maples which surrounded the house.

Filled with curiosity, she called to her friend, Jane, who was playing with Angus, Barbara's splendid collie, on the green lawn, to inspect the placard and give its message.

Jane, with Angus frolicking at her side, his tail waving like a white plume, skipped rather than walked to the tree. An instant later, joining Barbara on the verenda, she said, "Zeke's going to have an old-fashioned barn dance."

"When?" asked Barbara, her eyes flashing with an amused expression.

"On the twenty-seventh," Jane answered, seating herself in a cozy-looking wicker chair, "And I go home on the twenty-fourth! Isn't that rotten luck?"

"Can't you stay over for the grand occasion?" Barbara inquired. "We could go as milkmaids, or something as rustic. It would be lots of fun."

"I'd love to, Barbara, but I really must be back in the office on the twenty-fifth. Old Peters would never forgive me if I didn't, or he might even get another secretary." You go and write me all about it. I'm sure you will meet some nice farmer there who will enjoy your way of doing the square dances so much that he will rush you off to the nearest justice of the peace."

"It sounds frightfully interesting the way you tell it Barbara replied, "but I'm afraid I could never fall in love with a swain from these parts."

"We shall see," teased Jane.

"Well," returned Barbara, giving Angus a pat on the head, "I shall let you know all—whatever happens."

Rodney Hamilton, one of the brightest stars in the journalistic office, whistled as he typed off some lines. He wrote verse and prose daily for the New York Planet. He was whistling because the next day he was leaving for the mountains for his annual vacation.

Gathering up the neatly typed pages, Rodney strode through the city room, which was blue with smoke and noisy with the din of clattering typewriters. Reaching the cluttered desk of McCloskey, the city editor, he handed him the column with a boyish grin. "Tomorrow I go to the sylvan wilds," he said.

He turned and started back to his desk. He had barely reached it when McCloskey boomed his name through the smoke-filled room.

"What is it?" inquired the young columnist, returning.

"I've just been looking over some of your deadless prose," answered McCloskey, regarding Rodney amusedly, 'and I noticed that you are still singing the praises of "the brilliant Miss King.' That's the third time in a week you've mentioned her. What's the idea—got a crush on Alexine?"

Rodney reddened like a schoolboy, then in a dignified tone, replied: "No, I haven't a crush on her. For all I know the person writing under the name 'Alexine King', may be a man instead of a lady. I happened to mention Miss King because I believe she—or he—is one of the most brilliant of living novelists. That is all."

"Well," put in McCloskey, "it may be that Alexine King is a man instead of a lady, but I doubt it." A twinkle illumined his crafty old eyes. "Suppose 'the brilliant Miss King' should prove to be a young and pretty girl,

would you try to make her Mrs. Hamilton?"

"In a minute," declared Rodney, and left him.

The next morning Rodney bid good-bye to his father, who loved him as but few fathers love their sons. Since the death of his mother, Rodney had tried to fill the great vacancy her passing had caused in the old man's heart. The two kept up the old Hamilton home on Washington Place.

The train started and Rodney waved good-bye to his father on the platform. The old man waved back and then Rodney lost sight of him.

On the train he read—once for the third time—Alexine King's latest novel "Gilded Gods." Soon, however, he found himself on the platform and being welcomed by Abner Hart, the farmer at whose place he was to spend his vacation. Abner took Rodney's valises and placed them in the tonneau of his battered old car. They started on their journey of six miles over rutted and rocky roads.

It was mid-afternoon when they arrived at the farm. When they reached the porch, Abner introduced Rodney to his wife, while his four freckled sons gazed upon him and the cut of his expensive clothes.

He was then led up a flight of creaking stairs to his room. It was large and very comfortable. Soon he went downstairs, where, to his surprise, a delightful repast awaited him. When the meal was ended, he lighted a cigar and went out to the porch, making himself comfortable in a large wicker rocker.

Rodney found everything very interesting—for a day, but the following afternoon he realized he was becoming just a little bit lonely. Feeling thus, he left the porch and strode across the ragged lawn to the dusty road. He went down an avenue of giant maples, crossed a small stream, and came to a most inviting road. He walked along this until he saw a placard tacked up on a tree. Stepping closer to examine it, he found out that there was going to be a barn dance at Zeke's Casino that night. Rodney had not the least idea where Zeke's Casino was, but he decided he would go.

Zeke's Casino, Rodney discovered that evening, was a weather-beaten structure which looked as if it had once served as a barn. Rodney was dressed for the occasion in an outfit borrowed from Abner Hart, consisting of a battered straw hat, mud-caked shoes, and overalls and shirt of sun-faded blue.

Rodney watched from a bench what to him was amusing proceedings. To the strains of "Turkey in the Straw," the couples went through the dance. Then, suddenly, he saw a girl so pretty that she caused an exquisite sensation to stir his pulses. It was Barbara Harrison, and she looked quite as rustic in her gingham dress and sunbonnet as Rodney did in his outfit.

Rodney walked over to where she stood, and asked her if she would care to dance with him. Barbara smilingly gave assent, and together they went through the motions of an old-fashioned waltz. After that, they spent the remainder of the evening at each other's side. Both, in keeping with their clothes, affected speech which was halting and monosyllabic. It must be said, however, that neither deceived the other for a moment.

They were charmed with each other's company, and when "Home, Sweet Home" was played, both experienced a pang of regret. Rodney escorted Barbara home; and as they walked along the moon-silvered road, he told himself that he was glad he had come here.

As for Barbara, she was only too glad to assent, when Rodney asked permission to call the following afternoon.

Barbara was seated on the veranda with Angus when Rodney called. Angus liked the good-looking stranger at once, and the judgment of dogs is seldom wrong. When they had seated them-

(Continued on page 54)

The Great Adventure

By MISS JENNIE LOYALL, '12

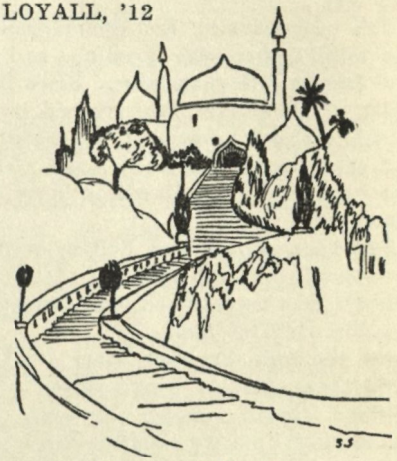
THERE might have been tears in the eyes of some of the passengers when the Majestic gently began to move away from shore and the band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the sea of faces crowded, upon the docks became a mere blur and that particular face that was sending each of us away with good cheer could be distinguished no longer.

But my eyes held in them the joy of a great adventure. I was sailing away to the lands that held the riches of the ages. I was to see for myself. I was to know for myself.

That first Sunday in England! Westminster Abbey was "done" with no waste of time by the American who said to his friend, "You go through the inside, while I do the outside, and meet me here in fifteen minutes." But I took longer, and know as never before the real meaning of "dimly lighted cloister." Nor can I ever forget the reverential quietness that came to me as I worshipped there. It came with the grey age of the walls, with the mellow mild light creeping through the beautiful stained windows far above the worshippers' heads, with the dignity of the music, with the solemnity of the memorial slabs and the sarcophaguses of the great of the ages.

Then in the quietness came the first start. I began to read the inscriptions. The first one was supposed to be the eulogy of an ancient hero, but most of it set forth the virtue and wisdom of his wife. Other inscriptions gave women equal honor. I had always understood that English men were selfish in their attitude toward women. Was that a delusion? Seeing for myself was going to mean a reconstruction of old theories. Other delusions were to follow rapidly.

The sermon began. The theme was



"Individual Responsibility." The Bishop of Westminster quoted Jeremiah as the first leader to emphasize the power of the individual, and proved most forcefully that the influence of environment is greater than that of heredity.

Ghosts of English ancestors! That in the very presence of their graves in the walls of Westminster their posterity should be taught most earnestly the value of environment and individual responsibility and the feebleness of the power of heredity. Another delusion in regard to the English was gone. I saw St. James' Palace, and changed my idea of what a palace was. I met the Englishman that told clever jokes. I heard the minister preach on the brotherhood of man. I went to a session of the House of Commons, and heard "his majesty's" representatives interrupt with jeers and hoots the speeches of the opposition, while the opposition itself called, "Hear! Hear!" in a manner equally as undignified as any used in America's Congress. The dignity of the English government!

Of the glad ventures into other lands —Scotland, Holland, Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland, the Riviera,

(Continued on page 58)

FOLLOWING THE GLEAM

With the Wesleyan Y. W. C. A.

And he who would serve the King
And loyally Him obey,
In the consecrate silence knows
That the challenge still holds today.

A Challenge

By HELOISA MARINHO

BEFORE the calm majesty of the blue mountains nature is hushing in submissive silence. While the shadows lengthen on the moss covered forest ground the merry cooing and twittering of the birds ceases. Even the weather-beaten pine tree, clinging with the tenacity of despair to a rock, stretches its rugged branches in awstricken quiet over the abyss. The winds which had made its strong fibres moan in anguish do not even dare to kiss the soft petals of the mountain laurel.

The golden hues of the sunset are fading, and the mountains, bluer than ever, rise in sharp relief against the pale blue sky. The dark green of the forests softens to a hazy blue, and mists rise slowly from the valley like clouds of incense.

From the steps which lead to the tall white columnads of the main building the sweet, plaintive notes of a negro-spiritual are heard. It is as if the deep, solemn harmony which pervaded nature had finally broken into sound.

Such a scene lingers in memory long after everyday tasks have taken the place of our mountain-top experiences at Blue Ridge. But enjoyment of natural beauty is only a part of the world in which we live at Blue Ridge. Clear, forceful presentations of individual, national, and international problems widen our narrow scope of thinking and make us citizens of the world.

But, in what strange contrast with the calm loveliness of nature, is the world which we are asked to see as it is. Let us look for a moment at only one of the important problems discussed, namely, that of international relations. Fearlessly the leaders bring us face to face with a world in which appression, misery, and indifference are crowding out the intellectual, esthetic, and spiritual values of life. We realize what tremendous loss the materialistic disaster of our days, war, has brought upon us.

But far deeper and overwhelming is the tragedy of seeing our new world, with all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, follow the worn, disastrous ways of the old. Slowly and treacherously the meshes of imperialism and cold commercialism are being drawn around us, and we realize that if the course of events is not changed we will have to face in the future the same horrid disaster of which we are suffering the sonsequences today. Shall we, drunk with false glory, blindly follow the ways of the past, or shall we take the message of Christ seriously? Such is the challenge with which we are inevitably confronted.

To realize a need is one thing, to try to remedy it another. The means

in our power seem so infinitely small compared with the magnitude of the problem. But we have no right to withhold even the little we can do! One way suggested was by aiding the International Christian Student Association. By our smypathetic interest and financial aid we can help to rescue the intellectual, artistic, and spiritual life which is threatened with oppression by the miseries which followed the World War. The works of science, art, and religion which these students are able to contribute to our civilization, if they are aided, will compensate our efforts a hundredfold. But let us not forget that it is not only our privilege but our sacred duty to lend a helping hand! The rich social heritage which we enjoy was given us by the people who now need our help. If all the intellectual, spiritual, artistic, and even material contributions of the old world were suddenly taken from us we would be poor indeed! We owe them not only the little we can do, but more, infinitely more! Shall we shrink from the great unfinished task which lies before us, or shall we dare to live Jesus' Law of Love?

Benefits Remembered

By LOUISE MEDLEY

NEVER shall we new girls forget the warm welcome given us by the members of the Y. W. C. A., as we entered the halls of Wesleyan for the first time. Many of us were tired, discouraged, and homesick; really frightened at the idea of encountering so many new people and things. But it was as a ray of sunshine breaking through dark clouds, dispersing gloom, and filling the world with a rosy glow, when these Y. W. girls met us. They certainly a r e wonderful gloom-chasers. It seemed that there was nothing that they were too busy to do for us those first days of getting adjusted and settled.

We appreciate more than words can tell their cheering remarks and little acts of helpfulness. The warmth of their welcome brought happiness to our hearts, and we felt ourselves among friends. These girls made us feel that we had chosen the right place for our college home.

Though we are discovering day by day some new things about Wesleyan that will make us love and honor her, of all the fond remembrances that we shall cherish through coming years, the Y. W. C. A. will hold first place. These girls have planted in the garden of our memory tiny seeds of kindness which will blossom into fragrant flowers called forget-me-nots. As the years roll by these small flowers will cheer our hearts with their beauty, and make us glad that we turned our eyes toward Wesleyan.

Wesleyan Girls will find the best things to Eat
at The College Hill Grocery

Confessions of a Senior

By FRIEDA KAPLAN

CONFESSIONS!

Dear, me, what have I to confess? Everything has already been confessed that has ever been done (and some things that have not and never will be) by various illustrious personages in almost every publication, from "The American Magazine" on to the high school page in the Bingville Bugle.

Of course, I don't know exactly where the venerable "Wesleyan" may be ranked in this list, therefore I am a bit uncertain as to what to confess. On my last attempt at such, I confessed the wherefore of my first falsehood in a Truth number of the publication, but when it came out, everybody exclaimed in unison. "That's all applesauce!"

Now what can a poor scribe do when people won't even believe her true confessions? Perhaps if I really do stick to the truth I'll get by better.

Confessions always start back in the past, I find by examination of many examples. Thus I begin four years ago.

Oh, what a thrill I had that first time I ever marched down the aisle of the chapel and sat through opening exercises, a real, honest-to-goodness Wesleyanne, even though I was only a freshman!

I thought at the close of my junior year that I would never have a thrill to equal it, but I was mistaken. The first time I marched down the aisle this year, a dignified senior, "my heart was all a-flutter like the washing on the line." When we sang the Alma Mater I realized that never again would I be at the opening assembly of the "Oldest and Best" as a student to join in the "Hail Wesleyan," and I was about to sob. Then my dignified next-seat neighbor said forcibly, "For crying out loud." I thought that she was speaking of me and of my sad attitude, and thereupon gathered courage.

Since that memorable morn I have lost that woe-begone air. I find that it doesn't go over so big (tip to the freshmen). I have become a perfect Pollyanna. I smile at everything, even lengthy lists of parrallel. Try it, freshies. Smile, and the school will smile with you.

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Alumnae Notes

By SADYE JOHNSON

AFTER drinking deep from the Pierian spring, many of our seniors of '25 and alumnae of former days have chosen to join in a quest with Cupid, which, in many cases, has culminated into a happy ending. The following weddings are of interest:

Miss Martha Broadus Farrar, class of 1924, was married June 15 to Mr. Brown L. Nicholson. They are making their home in Macon.

Miss Robertine Belcher, class of 1925, was married to Mr. James Carmichael one week after her graduation in June. She was the first of the '25 class to wed. The Carmichaels are at home in the Massey Apartments, Macon, Ga.

Miss Margaret Garden, ex-1925, was married to Mr. Henry Hoyt Chandler, Jr., on July 2, at Fitzgerald. Miss Ruth Oliver, class of 1924, was maid of honor. They will now make their home on Arlington Place, Macon, Ga.

Miss Blanche Cooper, ex-1925, was married in June to T. J. Branch of Haines City, Fla. They will be at the Triangle Hotel, Haines City, until the first of the year.

Miss Ernestine Cooper, ex-1926, was married just previous to the opening of the Fall Semester at Wesleyan, to Lieutenant Graham Kirkpatrick, of the United States Army. Lieutenant and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are stationed at Fort Screven, Savannah, Ga.

Miss Olive Quillian, ex-1926, was married on September 7, to Mr. Frederick Lorenzo Russell in Athens. Miss Quillian is the sister of Miss Amy Quillian, Athens, and of Mrs. Samuel W. Freeman, of Newnan, class of 1923.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of Miss Margaret Evans, class of 1920, to Mr. Robley McDonald, of Tifton. They are to be married in November.

Miss Carolyn Flournoy Simmons, 1915, was married to Mr. Clyde Mortimer Watson, Tuesday, October 13.

Miss Fronita Ballantyne, class of 1920, was quietly married in the Church of St. Patrick, Augusta, Georgia, August 23, to Mr. Hugh James Schneider, of Sarasota, Fla.

The marriage of Miss Norma Katrina Bush, class of 1920, took place at the Vineville Methodist Church, June 25, to Mr. George Butts Powell.

Miss Annie Tanner, class of 1921, was married June 24, to Mr. Harvey Haley, of Blytheville, Ark.

Miss Emmie Cynthia Powers, class of 1921, was married June 12 to Mr. William Alvin Hart in Newnan, Georgia.

The marriage of Miss Marion Lee Padrick, class of 1921, to Mr. Otis Woodward, was solemnized at the Tifton Methodist Church, June 17.

Miss Lucile Burnett, class of 1922, was married to Mr. Jackson Frederick Bazemore of Griffin, Ga., in Tampa, Fla., during the summer.

A lovely June wedding was that of Miss Lucille Killingsworth, class of 1923, to Mr. George Wayne Shelor, of Anderson, S. C.

AS WE CALL BACK TO MEMORY, GIRLS OF LAST YEAR, WE WONDER WERE THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING

Arnold, Carol, Richland (teaching); Bargeron, Marie, Savannah (School for Backward Children); Barnwell, Mary Lou, Nashville, Tenn. (Scarritt Training School); Barrow, Neva, Cedartown (teaching); Baskerville, Elizabeth, Macon (teaching H. S.); Belcher, Robertine, Macon, Ga. (Mrs. James Carmichael); Bell, Margaret, Macon, Ga. (Chemistry Department, Wesleyan); Berry,

Lucile, Paplico, S. C.; Branch, Hattie, Montezuma (teaching); Brown, Lulawill, Cummings (teaching); Callahan, Frances, Woodbury; Camp, Maryella, Cuthbert, Ga. (Andrew College); Canon, Lurline, Eastman; Carswell, Lucile, Macon (teaching); Carter, Pauline, Lakeland, Fla. (teaching); Cawthon, Florence, Waverley, Ala. (teaching); Culpepper, Sarah, Greenville, Ga. (home); Copelan, Celeste, Greensboro (teaching, English and Science); Collings, Mary Louise, Chicago, Ill. (Northwestern University); Dozier, Dorothy, (Wesleyan, music); Dozier, Virginia, Eastman (teaching); Dunn, Mary, Senoia (teaching); Evans, Harriet, Macon, Ga. (Wesleyan Conservatory, French teacher); Early, Addie Beall, Macon, R. F. D. (Principal Roberta H. S.); Farr, Laree, Vienna (teaching); Few, Martha, Madison (home); Godwin, Mary, Americus (home); Harmon, Katherine, Davisboro (teaching); Johnson, Stella, Gaffney, S. C.; Forester, Loulie, Wesleyan sutdying music); Hutcheson, Carol, Carrollton; Hill, Mae, Forsyth, Ga. (Bessie Tift); Kelly, Hattie Ruth, Baxley (teaching); Kroner, Louisa, Lavonia (teaching); King, Lydie, Thomaston (teaching); Lawton, Lillian, Jacksonville, Fla. (teaching H. S.); Lewis, Autrey, Sparks, Ga. (Sparks College, Fr. & Lat., Spanish and French); McElreath, Emma, Macon, Ga.; McGehee, Virginia, Tifton (teaching); McRae, Elizabeth, Mt. Vernon (home); McNatt, Helen, LaFayette (teaching) Pate, Kathryn, Albany (home); Pharr, Vo Hammie, Tifton (teaching) Peabody, Frances, (Wesleyan College, Asisstant Alumnae Secretary); Pierce, Zula, Hartwell (teaching); Phifer, Esther, High Springs, Florida; Mary K. Read, Savannah, Ga. (Savannah Press, advertising); Ray, Rebecca, Florence, Ala.; Riley, Annie Laurence, Macon, Ga. (Lanier Girls' High); Shiver, Cornelia, Sparks, Ga. (Sparks College); Stanford, Janet, Savannah (teaching); Strozier, Mary, Savannah (teaching); Tanner, Mary, Carrollton (home); Tanner, Ruby, Macon, Ga. (Lanier Boys' High); Thomson, Eunice, Atlanta, Ga. (Allyn-Bacon Publishing Co.); Turner, Bertha, Gainesville, Ga. (teaching); Wandell, Jessie, Miami, Fla. (Chamber of Commerce); Wilkerson, Sara, Winston-Salem, N. C. (Phys. ed. Elementary Grades); Wilson, Mary, Munford, Tenn., Box 100 (teaching); Winn, Elizabeth, Macon, Ga. (Wesleyan, Registrar.)

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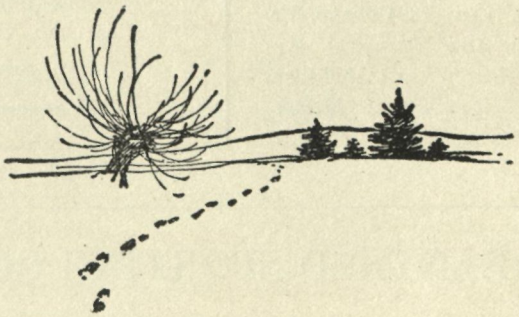
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The Lonely House

By DOROTHY M. McKAY

On the top of a mountain that kisses the sky
There's a little old house with a road running by,
It is crumbled and fallen, its windows are gone
With the panes that once sparkled with day's early dawn.
Its floors are dust and its steps in decay
And its walls of brown logs have rotted away—
But still in the dust the little house dreams,
And the birds sing in tune with the babbling streams,
For it holds in its heart the secret of love,
And it gazes in awe on the world from above.
For the master who built it worshiped his gold
And no love brought he there for the house to enfold.
And the house still waits though its framework is gone
For the gladness and newness of love to be born—
Though its boards are all scattered—its life torn apart
There's still a love dream in its lonely old heart.



LIBRARY LORE

(*With due apologies to* OWEN MEREDITH.)

We may live without money,
We may live without looks;
But what Wesleyan girl
Can live without books?

Bok—"Twice thirty." Full of Mr. Bok's zest and confidence in life. Contains two glowing chapters on Wilson.

Brooks—"Why the weather?" Bought in the hope of satisfying numerous queries as to the weather conditions on the night of the Junior Prom, this proves a useful and interesting book.

Boyd—"Drums." Unusually interesting historical tale of North Carolina in the Revolution.

Butt—"Letters." Written while the author was an aide at the White House, these letters give us a delightful picture of President Roosevelt.

Faris—"Romance of forgotten towns." Curious and interesting bits of history. Three of the chapters deal with Georgia towns.

Geister—"Ice breakers." Useful in planning class parties.

Glasfow—"Barren ground." A remarkable study of life, hardship, and suppressed romance.

Gompers—"Seventy years of life and labor." A commentary on the social and economic life of this country for more than fifty years.

Hutchinson—"One increasing purpose." This will appeal to Hutchinson lovers.

Lagerlof—"Marbacka." Recollections of the author's childhood, simply and beautifully told.

Lincoln—"Rugged water." An unusually good Lincoln story.

Lowell—"John Keats." This fine work is interesting to the general reader as well as invaluable to the student.

Oemler—"His wife-in-law." An entertaining story by a Georgia author.

Rinehart—"The red lamp." Recommended by the editor of the Bookman as the best mystery story he has ever read.

Peterkin—"Green Thursday." Appealing stories of negro farmers written in Gullah dialect.

Rittenhouse—"Little book of British verse." A companion volume to her popular "little books" of American verse.

Spaeth—"The common sense of music." The author says "It is addressed to potential listeners rather than to potential performers."

Stevenson—"Home book of modern verse." This promises to be as well loved as his indispensable "Home book of verse."

Sullivan—"How to work your way through college." Contains many helpful suggestions.

Wiliams—Copy 1925; stories, plays, poems and essays selected from the published work of students in writing, University Extension, Columbia University.

Young and Old Romance

By ELIZABETH BRAGG

THE old grandfather clock in the corner of the room chimed the half hour. The young girl who was hanging on the piano suddenly stopped and looked at its huge hands. At the same time she saw her aunt's eyes turn in the same direction, but she quickly dropped her eyes when she felt her niece's eyes upon her. It was eleven-thirty! The girl walked over to the window, pulled back a curtain, and gazed out at the clear moonlight night. What a beautiful night for romance! She must meet Tom at twelve-thirty. Why didn't Aunt Abigail go to bed? It was 'way past her usual bed-time hour, and the girl turned toward her aunt, who was sitting near the table reading. She seemed to be turning pages, however, instead of devouring its contents.

"Aunt Abigail, are you going to finish that book tonight?"

"Why—er—yes. Why do you want to know that, Alpha Lee?" and Aunt Abigail gazed at her pretty nineteen-year-old neice from behind her gold rimmed glasses.

"Nothing, I just wanted to know. You didn't seem very interested in it," and once more she ran her fingers up the piano keys sending forth a none too pleasant sound.

Again she looked at the clock, and again she saw her aunt's eyes turn in the same direction. It was twenty-five minutes to twelve! Why couldn't she act natural? Suppose her aunt should suspect something. She must think of something to talk about.

"Aunt Abigail, I've noticed that Mr. Higginbothom has been delivering your groceries lately himself, and he doesn't do that to anyone else. In fact, I've never known him to do it before. This morning, as I was coming back from Selina's house, I met him driving out of the gate, and he looked at me in such a funny way."

Aunt Abigail started at these words, but she soon gained her usual quiet, haughty poise.

"His delivery boy was away today, and he was kind enough to deliver them himself."

"But, Aunt Abigail, I've seen him do it several times before."

"Well, young lady, I don't think that it should be of concern to you as long as we get our groceries," and she picked up her book again, thus dismissing the subject.

The old clock slowly ticked away another five minutes. Aunt Abigail broke the silence once more.

"Alpha Lee, I've seen Tom Bruce leaning over the gate talking to you a mighty heap lately, and it was only this afternoon that I saw him sneaking away behind the bushes, while I was watering the roses. How much longer is he going to stay with his uncle?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Auntie," and it was the girl who started this time. Did Aunt Abigail know that they loved each other, and had she suspected something?

"I had never heard of Mr. Jones' nephew until you went to that house-party in Washington, two months ago. I have regretted so many times that I consented to let you go."

"But oh, Aunt Abigail, I had such a wonderful time, and really, I don't see why you should object," and she smiled as she thought of that glorious month of dances, swimming parties, yatching parties, and—Tom.

"Maybe not, but when you live to be as old as I, you will see things in a different light. When your father and mother died, fifteen years ago, I made up my mind that I would bring you up to the best of my ability."

The young girl turned away with a sigh, not wishing to hear the old story repeated again. It was five minutes to twelve and she must meet Tom at the end of the lane at twelve-thirty. How could she do it? Her mind was in a whirl to think of some way to outwit her aunt. She had never seen Aunt Abigail act so strangely. Once more everything was quiet, save the ticking away of the clock. The aunt sat with her eyes first on her book, then on her clock on the mantel. She fidgeted and seemed very nervous about something. The niece sat on the sofa in deep thought.

All at once Alpha Lee straightened up. She had an idea. She could get out on the roof near her window, and climb down the vine that grows on the side of the porch.

"Well, Aunt Abigail, I think I will 'turn in.' "

"Alpha Lee, what have I told you about using those terrible slang expressions? It is all the result of that house-party."

"Please forgive me. I meant to say, 'I think I will go to bed.' "

"Yes, dearie, it is time for all young girls to be in bed. Don't wait another minute. I am going to finish my book, but don't you sit up on my account."

"Good-night, Auntie," and with a pretended yawn, the girl ascended the winding stair-steps.

She quickly changed her dress for a soft blue satin, blew out her light and sat down to wait. She thought she heard her aunt walking below, but everything was quiet again in a few minutes.

Ten minutes later she walked toward the window, and in the darkness, she stumbled over a chair.

"D—that chair."

"Alpha Lee-ee-ee," and her aunt's stern voice floated through the air.

"Yes, Auntie."

"What was that noise? Haven't you gone to bed yet?"

"Yes, I'm in bed. It was only the cat," and the girl's voice slightly trembled.

She waited five minutes more and hearing no sound below, she softly stepped out on the roof, climbed down the strong vines, and landed on the side-porch below.

A half hour later a pretty young girl and handsome young man, about twenty-two years of age, stepped into the parlor of the parsonage. The old village preacher, who met them at the door, looked bewildered when he recognized the girl.

"Why, Alpha Lee! Is it you?"

"Yes, Brother Harris, this is Mr. Jones' nephew, Tom Bruce."

"Well upon my soul, and what do you young people want?"

"We wish to be married at once. Here is the license," and the young man proudly put the paper into his hands.

"Married! Does your aunt know of this, Alpha Lee?" and the old man shook his head in a doubtful way.

"No sir, you know she would never consent, Brother Harris, but I love Tom so very much."

"Please sir, marry us as soon as you can," and Tom smiled down upon the half frightened girl.

"Well, bless your souls, I'll do that thing."

Knock—knock. Some one was at the door! The young couple stood breathless while Brother Harris turned the door knob.

"Aunt Abigail—!" gasped Alpha Lee, as she darted behind the shadow of the tall hat rack, pulling Tom along with her. "Do you reckon she has missed me?"

"There is someone with her," whispered Tom.

"Say, Preacher, we want to get married. I guess you think we are late in the night coming here, but we didn't want the young people to know it," and the voice of Mr. Higginbothom filled the room.

"Yes, Brother Harris, we didn't want

(Continued on page 59)

Mammy's Opinion

By ELIZABETH COATES



'N now my little Missus,
Grown up so grand and fine,
Is gwin' away to college,
For such a long, long time,
And leave her pore ole Mammy,
Agrievin' here behind,
Without her baby White Chile
She loves so good and kind;
But Mammy knows dat Wesley'n
Is the finest college found,
'Cause dat's where Baby's grandma went,
And come back safe and sound.
She musta liked dat college too,
'Cause she sent your mama there
Dat's why you must be proud to go
And never give a care,
'Cause dat's a school to count on
I've heard your grandma say
It was de oldes' in de world
And de finest of her day.
Your mama said de ver' same thing
When she'd come back to stay
And dat's de reason, Baby Chile,
I wants to hear you say,
You thinks your ma and grandma,
Was correctly positiv'
And Wesleyan is de bes' place
A college girl could live.

The Catch-All

By MAMIE HARMON

BEING'S I've never caught anything in my life in the way of a joke, much less everything, the above title looks rather forbidding to me. In fact I'm most often the one that is getting caught. But nobody has ever found anything wrong with my ears at any rate, so herein are inscribed (that much is dignified at least!) some of the things I've heard my witty contemporaries giggling at.

By the way, have you noticed how many of the seniors have been "caught" already? And a few juniors have been seen too with the proverbial "nickel's worth of ice" very much in evidence.

Speaking of seniors, they have been entirely too much in evidence recently anyway—on the famous "first Sunday" for example. Still they can't be accused of having the bighead over their dignity when one considers the ridiculous amount of space between their caps and their respective shingles. And really they can't be accused of so awful much of the dignity, for I myself, by merely looking straight ahead (which was the only way I could look) saw two caps fall off right in front of the church and felt a third. We hate to think what would have happened if there had been a breeze—but there wasn't. One senior, waxing Biblical, suggested a new motto for the class, to wit, "take up thy skirts and walk." It was reported as unanimously adopted. Another bright one contends that the Crow's Nest ought to be renamed the Buzzard's Roost, if the seniors are going to appear down there in caps and gowns very often.

But a senior's life isn't all dignity. For instance Isabella reports having been ignominiously rescued the other day from the bottom of the swimming-pool, where she would recline instead of coming up in the approved fashion after a dive. They say the rescuer hasn't recovered yet, but Isabella's equilibrium wasn't even disturbed. Well, it's what one would expect!

But we mustn't overlook the freshmen. One would almost believe them wiser than the seniors (the last shall be first, don't you know!) from the way they act. I have been living for three long years with the supreme ambition of having a freshman ask me if I were a freshman, so that I could respond with great dignity "No, my dear, I'm a SENIOR." And would you believe it!—I haven't been asked that yet! Still I think there was one who would have asked me if I had met her—you know the one who asked Mildred Sessions if she were working her way through school with the T-Room. Then of course there was the one that expected the Information Bureau to tell her what sized sheets to get. And any number of them who inquired at the desk as to whether their room-mates (names unknown) had come or not. But there are always some wise freshmen—for instance the two that volunteered to show two upper-classmen the way to the college. Wouldn't it be funny if it was the same two that signed out to go to church?

The German and Anglo Saxon classes are having a serious argument as to which has the worst sprained tongue. I go you one better. I know one person that is taking both!

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DANCING DOLLARS

(Continued from page 7)

"I see what you mean all right. But don't be carried away with the idea, for I'm not going to remarry you," and Harold closed his mouth firmly.

"Take that New England expression off your face and don't speak so about not remarrying me. It isn't polite."

He began to smile. "What's the new theory about marrying the same person twice? Don't you think a woman ought to take her husband's name the second time she marries him?"

"Maybe. But let's see more about this." Margaret picked up the paper again. "Listen, it says applicants must present themselves before seven o'clock tonight. The address is real close, and we could get there in ten minutes. I think we'd better be starting."

"Margaret, you're joking. You really wouldn't go? I've got to try to get some orders this afternoon."

"That won't bring you two hundred dollars right away."

"Why, you silly kid"—Harold threw back his head and laughed heartily.

Margaret had already picked Geraldine up and gone into the bedroom. "I'll be ready in five minutes," she called back. "Would you go next door and ask Mrs. Riley if she minds keeping Geraldine for an hour or so?"

Harold shrugged his shoulders and gave in. He stepped across the hall to interview Mrs. Riley. He was very much embarrassed to ask this favor of her, but he felt much better when she answered, "Why, Mr. Dinsmore, I'll be glad to keep Geraldine. She's always so sweet and good when she's in here. She never troubles anyone."

In spite of himself, Harold could not help feeling gay when he and Margaret at last set off to the address given in the advertisement.

They took a street car for some twenty blocks; then descended and looked hopefully about them. Before them stood a large, brick building with the

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CHERRY—AT THIRD

sign "Palace" tacked in front.

"There's the number," said Harold, but what is that sign?"

"You big, innocent boy. Haven't you heard of the 'Palace?' It's the biggest dance hall in Melville. This will be an advertisement for his place."

"Marry for an advertisement? Not me," he responded. "Margaret, how will that look?"

"It's not going to look. No one is going to see us."

She paused a minute before the large door. As she turned the knob she pushed a small electric button. The door opened, and they stood before a narrow stairway.

"Listen, Margaret—" But she did not heed him. She was already halfway up the stairs, and after a moment Harold followed.

They found themselves before an open door looking into a small, neatly furnished room. But almost at once a gruff voice was heard saying, "Just step right in here."

As they entered the room a head raised itself from behind a basket of roses. Count Alonzo di Bacardi advanced toward them.

"You have come because you wish to get married?" asked the count. "May this visit to Bacardi's bring you luck." He spoke with an Italian accent. "Sit down here, and we'll talk it over."

As Margaret seated herself before the desk, she could hardly keep from giggling with delight. Harold frowned sourly at the count.

"Let me have your names, please," the count said immediately.

Margaret gave Harold a sharp kick on the ankle. Harold straightened up. "Harold Dinsmore," and Bacardi noted it on a piece of paper.

"Give him your address too, dear," said Margaret. "On West Thirteenth Street—I never can remember that number!" With a glance at Margaret Harold gave the address of Mother's Muffins & Company. While in her turn she gave the address of the flat.

"Margaret Castleberry," he said. "That's a very charming name for a very charming little lady. Oh! I forgot to ask you if you danced."

"Yes," Margaret answered quickly. "We love to dance. And since we—since we are engaged we go to every dance we get a chance to." She put her hand on Harold's arm and forced him to dance a few steps with her.

Bacardi nodded his head and smiled. "I congratulate you on getting the fortune. The two hundred dollars is yours."

"Count di Bacardi," Harold said in a business like way, "I would like to ask if there will be any publicity to the ceremony?"

"No—well, not much. You see only my patrons will see it. I have everything all ready—and now I have my bride. I'm a publicity wizard. Yes, all is ready for the wedding tonight."

"Tonight?" said Harold. We just can't do it. It's too much of a rush."

"We might as well get it over with, dear." Margaret noticed the stubborn look on Harold's face. "You make me appear forward. Now, of course if you don't want to marry me—"

"Margaret, darling, of course it isn't that."

"Well, then, Count, we'll be here tonight."

"My lovely bride—"

"Oh! I'll have to be dressed, won't I? But I'll arrange that."

"The car will be at your apartments at ten-thirty—the wedding is at eleven."

"Good-bye, my pretty, little bride." He called after them. "Of course, you have the license. Well, all is ready."

These last words stunned the bride and groom for an instant. How could they get the license? But Margaret was not to be overcome by that. She almost pulled Harold after her in attempt to reach the office before it closed. But in spite of herself she felt relieved when the clerk said, "You just slipped under

the wire. That is the last license today."

The next three hours passed in a whirl. Harold fed the baby and Margaret made over her old wedding dress. It really had to be made over, for it was out of style (being three years old). Harold's suit, too, was out of style, but he made out with it. After putting on and taking off the dress three times, Margaret at last turned to Harold with dancing eyes.

"You look beautiful, dear. But you had better take Geraldine and let me get away before the man comes." said Harold.

Margaret took the baby in her arms; and, after slipping her raincoat on, she went across the hall. Again she begged Mrs. Riley to keep the baby, and again Mrs. Riley expressed her joy in being able to help. As Margaret shut the door behind her, she saw the coachman. She descended the stairs and stepped into the carriage. When she felt she was safe, she threw off her coat and straightened out the orange blossoms.

When she entered the private office of the count, she found Harold alone. She sat down beside him, but did not have time to speak before the door opened. "You're here—ready for the two hundred dollars?" greeted their ears. And Bacardi began to explain everything to them. They must dance around the room twice and then up to the temporary altar. While the parson was performing the ceremony they must keep up a slow motion. The band would play softly all the time—

The music stopped. Someone was making an announcement. At the same time a man appeared in the door and said, "everything is ready."

The orchestra gayly jazzed, "Here Comes the Bride." Margaret and Harold became very weak. Both were shaking—not so much with fright as with excitement. But once outside the door and in the ribboned aisle they were

The Macon Daily Telegraph

Wesleyan's Newspaper

READ THE WESLEYAN LETTER EVERY SUNDAY

stronger. On both sides were hundreds of faces smiling. Murmurs of admiration went up at the sight of Margaret swaying dizzily down the aisle.

At last they came to the end of the dance. The clergyman was waiting for them before the altar. The people hushed as the pastor began, "Dearly beloved."

To the bridal pair, under the eyes of thousands, it seemed the c e r e m o n y would never end. But at last the ring was placed on Margaret's finger. "I now pronounce thee man and wife," declared the minister. Margaret turned her face toward Harold. The fake ordeal was ended.

A slight commotion ran through the crowd. Every one turned in the direction of the entrance. The ticket boy had climbed upon a chair and was crying, "A call for a Mrs. Dinsmore. Very important. She must be found at once."

Harold pressed Margaret's hand closer, "Don't go. It's a mistake."

"But what if it's Geraldine? I told Mrs. Riley we would be here."

Harold, too, began to feel uneasy. The leader, seeing them in distress, gave the signal for the music to began again. "Now, you can dance out," he said.

They turned and danced quickly to the reception room. There sat Mr. Riley with Geraldine in his lap.

"She just wouldn't stop crying," he said. "My wife made me bring her over. She was afraid she had the colic. But when she heard the noise, she stopped crying."

Margaret had taken the baby in her arms. "She's all right, Harold. She's all right. She's the best baby in the world."

Mr. Riley was leaving—"Here—wait," called Harold.

"Don't call him, she's all right."

"But may I ask what you intend to do with her?"

A sound behind them made them start. Di Bacardi was in the room. His face was purple. His large eyes shone. He trembled. He spoke quietly, but hatred was in his voice. "Will you please tell me," he said, "whose baby is that?"

Harold and Margaret faced him. "It's ours," Margaret said at last.

The count's lips opened and closed. He breathed quickly. "You—cheats!" he cried. "You've deceived me. Oh, my pretty bride, I was so happy about you! There would have been pictures in all the papers. Everyone would have come here to dance—would have known about Bacardi's dance hall. But now—"

"Blah" said Geraldine, and she smiled mischievously at the count.

"Well," said Harold. "We've done our part. We've married. You never asked us if we were already married. Now you ought to give us the money."

"Money!" cried the count. "You came here and made me riduculous, and then ask for money!"

"But you don't understand. It's because of the baby that we needed the money so badly." Margaret's blue eyes were turned to the count's red face. Geraldine, unnoticed, stuffed a handful of the wedding veil into her mouth. There was a moment of silence.

"I want a few moments with the

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ATLANTA

bride," called a voice. Several young men crowded around Margaret. "You married again because you needed the money for the baby?"

"Go away," yelled Bacardi. "I want nothing of this put in your papers."

"What's the matter, count?" said one of the men. "Don't you know news when you hear it? I thought you wanted publicity. A front page story—this is. Married her husband the second time to get money for the baby. Wonderful! Mrs. Dinsmore, won't you tell us—"

"I'd rather be called Miss Castleberry," answered Margaret. "There's no reason why a woman should sacrifice her name or personality at the altar—." But catching Harold's eye, she burst into a shriek of laughter.

The count, who had been lost in thought, while leaning out of the window, came to Margaret's side. "The pretty bride is laughing now. A good joke you young folks played on Bacardi," he said, playing with Geraldine.

"Blah!" said Geraldine and smiled delightfully. She was on trial and she knew it well.

Slowly the count drew an envelope from his vest pocket. He slipped it between Geraldine's fingers, who crumpled it with a gurgle of delight. Bacardi stood in the middle of the room now.

"Ah, you Americans!" he whispered softly. "A wonderful people! You marry, not once, but twice." He chuckled as he nodded his head at the newspapermen. "I understand the American ways! A front page story. But that is why I planned this jazz wedding. Did you think I didn't know the people were married? That was my joke! Bacardi planned it all! Bacardi is a publicity wizard."

"Blah," and Geraldine smiled farewell at Bacardi as they were leaving the Palace Dance Hall.

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Georgia Grocery

WEED

(Continued from page 13)

be an original one." Here he held out his hand and Laurel walked slowly on the stage. "Madamoiselle Laurel Chalmers," he announced, as he let her forward.

The announcement made the occupants of a certain box sit up with a jerk.

"Laurel!" gasped Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers in the same breath.

"Weed! By Jove!" burst out Bert. Josie could only stare.

Laurel lifted her violin and began to play slowly and softly. The audience leaned forward breathlessly. All eyes were fixed upon the slim swaying figure on the stage. The music changed. A gray polka followed the dreamy waltz. The audience smiled and nodded to each other. A wailing Oriental piece made the gentlemen finger their watch fobs and the ladies play nervously with their fans. A march, which followed made several small boys embarrass their mothers by openly keeping time. At last the music became sweet and plaintive. To the listening crowd the girl seemed to be telling them of some great disappointment. Ladies wiped their eyes and the gentlemen avoided each other's glances. With a last twirl the story became a song of triumph. All the joy of her success was told to the audience by her violin. The music held them spellbound. It lilted, it fluttered, it danced, it soared, and, with one last bound, it ended.

Laurel dropped her violin and bowed. Just then the audience seemed to awake. Showers of bouquets filled the air and fell upon the stage. Their applause called her back again and again.

With tears of joy in her gray eyes, Laurel made her sixth bow and disappeared behind the wings where Jeff was waiting for her. The Weed had truly become a Laurel.

THE HERITAGE OF A SOUTHERNER

(Continued from page 10)

and Cooke, the South has novelists of peculiar charm.

In the realm of culture as in other realms, the spirit of the South became a leader. In religious matters the South was a pioneer. Maryland, a Southern state, was the first to secure religious liberty by organic law. The first Sunday-school established in America was in Savannah, Georgia. William Walters of Maryland and Virginia, was the first native Methodist itinerant in America. Jesse Lee of Virginia, founded the Methodist Episcopal church in New England. In education the South surpassed the other sections of the country. The first college of dental surgery in the world was in Baltimore. The first public library in America was in the South at Annapolis. The first post-graduate medical school in America was established by Dr. John A. Wyeth of Alabama. The first man in the United States to receive a doctor of medicine degree was Dr. John Archer of Maryland. The first female college in the world, Wesleyan, was established in Macon, Georgia. In journalistic history the South holds a prominent place. John L. Skinner of Maryland established the first agricultural journal in this country. The first successful commercial paper in the United States was The New Orleans Price Current. The Southern Review, published at Charleston, was said by Harriet Mantineau, the English authoress, to be "the best specimen of periodical literature that the country afforded for more than fifty years after the Revolution."

We, the daughters of Wesleyan, one of the greatest prides of the South, are going to nourish and cherish the traditions of the South and attempt to make the South of our day as famed for its accomplishments in science, history, letters, and culture, as the South of the past. As a heritage of the past, we have the spirit of the South which has made the character and genius of the days gone by. We are challenged to use it, to keep alive the record of the South's past, to achieve and progress for the South of today, and to pass on the enriched records and untarnished spirit of the South to its sons and daughters of tomorrow.

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THE VISION SPLENDID

(Continued from page 19)

his black charger into a world of sunshine and joy, his heavenly purpose to fulfill. Suddenly he is aware of a leper crouched without the gate and his soul shrinks from him in horror. He tosses the man a piece of gold which the latter rejects, saying that it is worthless gold which is given from a mere sense of duty.

In the Prologue to Part 2 we see feasting and merry-making within the hall, where another lord holds sway, while the world lies beautiful and still under its fairy weight of ice and snow. Sir Launfal is returning but is shelterless and as the poorest of the poor. And so we come to Part 2. Turned away from his own gate he finds the leper as he had left him and divides with him this time, in pity and in love, his last bread crust and portion of water. Suddenly a light shines 'round about the leper "stands before him glorified" as

"Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate."

In a voice as soft as the falling snow he bids Sir Launfal arise and take the cup for which he has long searched in vain. Here it is that the beautiful object lesson of the poem attains its climax.

Sir Launfal awakes and, realizing the sweet truth of his vision, opens his gate wide to the poor and needy and there was—

"No man in all the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."

The language of the work, a narrative poem is very beautiful, the clearest and most fitting words being employed throughout. As figures of speech always add to any production, so the similes in this piece of work fall into places which would seem inappropriate were they filled by anything else. The style is clear, simple, direct and even melodious, resounding to the exalted status of the subject matter.

The evident object of the author is achieved in a very great measure. We feel that with the closing words of the poem, the author is fully satisfied in having presented his lesson directly and successfully and that he places the period there with a sigh of relief for a purpose achieved. The lesson attached to the work is above the range of ordinary value. In other words, it is invaluable and lends a touch of the sublime. We find the Holy One saying,

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare,
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me,"

and we realize that here is a divine truth which needs no interpretation.

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PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF AN EX-FRESHMAN

(Continued from page 22)

year have been unusually entertaining and profitable. Some very interesting speakers have brought us many valuable messages. This little half an hour service is an oasis in a desert, for here we forget our troubles and cares in the worship of God. It helps us to finish our day and tasks and to inspire us so that we strive continually for the highest things.

Another most important and valuable item in the history of the present year at Wesleyan to me has been my deep and intense appreciation of the great value of personal contact with the various members of the faculty, which is composed of the highest type of noble men and women dedicating their lives to the cause of Christian education. More vivid and lasting impressions are made by these points of personal contact than by the most studious and diligent perusal of text books. Indeed, text books might be discarded, and there would still remain boundless opportunities for obtaining a liberal education. It is through the teachers that we learn, through their patience that we progress, through their high ideals that we obtain our standards, and through their efforts that we have raised the standards of the Oldest and Best. Without them there could be no learning, no progress, no high ideals, and no high standards. Their untiring labor teaches us that without effort and patience success is unattainable.

And, last but not least, the present year at Wesleyan has caused me to realize more fully that as people become better educated they are more congenial, less obtrusive, of greater value to the world in general, as well as to themselves.

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Hair Cutting Parlors

PROFESSOR HINTON, THE POET

(Continued from page 27)

into poetry," when an occasion presents itself. All such poems, if we may so dignify them, in my case at least, are written off-hand, in a few minutes. One such poem, which I have not been able to put my hand on, was a Prohibition Rally Song, written about 1898, when Macon had her first campaign to outlaw liquor. This song was to be sung to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

J. C. HINTON.

THE RESURRECTION HOPE

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory." I Cor. XV, 57.

When the Christian dies,
Though tears may stream from eyes
And hearts be sad,
We know beyond the skies
Seraphic songs arise,
Angels are glad.

[Song of Angels]

"One more pilgrim home,
One more conqueror come,
His warfare o'er;
His sin and sorrow ceased,
His soul from bonds released
Forevermore."

All praise to Christ be given,
Since when his tomb was riven
Death has no gloom.
Through the dark vale we see
On Life's beauteous tree
Immortal bloom.

J. C. HINTON.

THE FLOWER

From the French of Millevoye

O lonely fading flower,
Once pride of yonder vale,
Thy leaves bestrew the earth,
Far scattered by the gale.

We yield to the self-same God;
The same scythe mows us down;
A leaf abandons thee,
A joy from us has flown.

Each day Time steals from us,
A passion, a delight;
The parting moment bears
An illusion in its flight.

His hopes destroyed, man asks
At the end of mortal strife,
Which sooner dies away,
The flower or my life?

—Translated by J. C. HINTON.

LETTERS

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.

[EMERSON]

But sad are they whose longing eye
Ne'er catches glimpse of snowy sail,
Or, if perchance a ship they spy,
'Twere better far it should go by
Than never peace or hope to bring,
No wished for word, heart comforting.

[J. C. HINTON]

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THE BRILLIANT MISS KING

(Continued from page 29)

selves in cozy wicker chairs, Rodney handed Barbara a novel.

"In spite of your milkmaid get-up last night," he said, smiling into her eyes, "I knew you were a girl who enjoys good books. I think this novel is the best of the season."

A peculiar light danced in Barbara's eyes as she noticed the title of the book in her hand. It was "Gilded Gods," by Alexine King.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I shall be only too glad to accept it. I've heard so much about this book." Then for a long time Rodney talked about Miss King. They spent a very pleasant afternoon, and Barbara asked him to take dinner with her. He had to leave but he asked permission to come over that evening.

"You can come over on one condition," she told him.

"And what's that?" he asked.

"You must promise not to mention 'the brilliant Miss King'," she answered roguishly.

He promised; he considered it an exceedingly small price to pay for an evening in her delightful company.

That evening, seated on Barbara's veranda, which was bathed with the rays of a new moon, was one that was never erased from their memories. Soon—too soon—Rodney realized it was time to take his departure.

With Barbara's lovely face filling his mind, Rodney returned to the farmhouse after arranging to meet her again on the morrow.

This meeting, unfortunately, did not take place, for when Rodney reached his room, he found a note from his host. It said that his father had wired him to return to New York the next morning.

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PAY CASH AND PAY LESS

Next morning Abner carried Rodney to the train. Before leaving, Rodney scribbled a note to Barbara, explaining his sudden departure and requesting that she drop him a line at the office of the "Planet." He would like to call when she returned to town.

He gave this note to Abner's son, Luther, with instructions as to where to deliver it. Luther, however, delivered the note to the wrong cottage, and it presently found itself in the kitchen stove.

Rodney, upon reaching New York, lost no time getting home. Once there, he was startled to learn that his father was in St. Vincent's Hospital, dying from the injuries received when an automobile in which he was riding the evening before had been wrecked.

With his heart heavy, Rodney made his way to the hospital, reaching there none too soon; for his father died in his arms a few moments after his arrival.

The weeks that followed were gray

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and cheerless. Each day Rodney would report to the "Planet" office and mechanically write his famous column. The only one whose consolation Rodney would have welcomed at this time did not write him. He did not know that her silence was maintained because, so far as she knew, he had left the mountains without communicating with her. He assumed that she had received his note and in vain had awaited her invitation to call. He wondered if it had been only a vacational flirtation.

It was November, and one afternoon Rodney decided to take a stroll through Central Park. He was walking along when a splendid collie came running toward him, barking and waving his plume-like tail. It was Angus. Recognizing the collie, Rodney glanced about for signs of Barbara. Presently she appeared, a puzzled expression, not unmixed with joy, on her lovely face.

"It is indeed a pleasant surprise to see you, Mr. Hamilton,' she said, as Rodney rushed forward to greet her, a light of happy welcome in his eyes.

"A pleasant surprise?" he asked. "Why?"

Then she told him how badly she had felt when she learned that he had left the mountains and had not taken the trouble to let her know of his departure.

"I sent you a note by Mr. Hart's son, Luther. Didn't you get it?"

"No," answered Barbara, smiling, "and I was just beginning to like you a lot."

Rodney's heart gave an exultant leap. "Couldn't we continue from the point where we left off?"

Barbara gave him one of her winning smiles. "That," she declared, "would be heavenly."

The good-looking young columnist paid ardent court for six weeks and then proposed. Barbara, loving him more than she had ever dreamed she would love, accepted him.

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Bermuda was selected for the honeymoon which was to last longer than the four weeks they gave to it.

Rodney insisted on paying all expenses, but Barbara, who possesed a large income of her own, wished to go "halves."

"Marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition," she said, "and since I have an income which is as large as yours, why shouldn't I share the expense?"

"I did not know that you had an income as large as mine, which is fifteen thousand dollars a year," returned Rodney. "I married you for love alone, you see." Then he asked, "Did your father leave you this money?"

"No," replied Barbara, "I earned it myself."

"You earned it?" he asked incredulously. "How."

"I write a little," said Barbara modestly.

Rodney stared at her almost unbelievingly.

"You write a little? What, pray, do you write?"

"Novels and such things," she answered carelessly.

He stared harder. "Novels? Wonder what name?"

"Alexine King," said Barbara, her eyes shining. Then, as she drew his head on her silken shoulder and began tenderly to run her soft fingers through his hair, she added: "Only a certain handsome and clever columnist I know, always refers to her as 'the brilliant Miss King.'"

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THE GREAT ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 30)

Italy—each gave beauty, history, an individual charm, and always that interesting study, people.

In September, it was with a feeling that three months is long enough and that it will be good to be home again that I watched the beautiful Bay of Naples as we sailed away from it. Then came the rugged coast of Spain, lonely strong Gibraltar with the shore of Africa opposite, days of sailing upon a blue, blue sea, and the charming Azores.

Suddenly, the boat seemed to rock horribly. I was sea-sick. Then one night the boat stopped; our engine was not working. After a day's repairing, we began to move slowly, and finally limped along at three-fourth speed with whispers of a wrecked turbine and a weak propeller and the necessity of careful sailing.

If you are ever sea-sick in a crippled boat in the middle of the ocean, you will understand why Columbus' sailors wanted to throw him overboard. The passengers,—Italians, Esthonians, Englishmen, Austrians, Spaniards, Americans, eagerly calculated each day when we could reach America. As I sat in my deck-chair and watched these representatives of various nations, and recalled the impressions that the summer had brought me of their several native lands, I began to realize the courage, the strength, the endurance, the vision of our ancestors who embarked upon an unknown sea to a strange continent and I knew as never before the glory of America.

I felt too the heritage of the South with its purest Americanism, the call of Georgia, and pride in our "Oldest and Best."

On the fourteenth day of our ocean-voyage—inactivity with its time for ruminating, suddenly a great cheer went up; the sun was setting as it never had before,—in a peculiar and quiet majesty, and over a faint strip of land! Dusk came. Coney Island with its lights was a fairy island and coming toward us was the delicate black outline of a lighted fairy boat—the pilot's boat to take us to shore,—home, America! Our band played "The Red, White and Blue" while the men, tall and short, put their hands on the other fellow's shoulder and marched and shouted. And with vigorous joy we all sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

There might have been tears in the eyes of some. But I do not know. I could not see the others; my own tears were falling down my cheeks too fast and furiously. My great adventure was over. I was returning to the land that had received the heritage of every age and every people. I was home.

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YOUNG AND OLD ROMANCE

(Continued from page 39)

them to throw rice and old shoes at us, and so we decided to get maried at one o'clock at night," said Aunt Abigail in an excited voice.

"Hurry, Preacher, we want to catch that one-thirty train for Washington."

"Yes, Brother Harris, oh I'm so—," but it was never finished.

Aunt Abigail's eyes fell upon her neice and Tom, who had come from behind their hiding place. She stood as if a bomb had struck her; the niece stood dumbfounded, unable to speak. Each seemed to read the innermost soul of the other. Mr. Higginbothom looked on in amazement as he mopped his forehead with his big handkerchief. The old preacher looked on in surprise, but he couldn't help but chuckle down his sleeve at the scene before him. The tall handsome figure of Aunt Abigail, and the short, stout figure of Mr. Higginbothom was such a contrast to the good-looking young couple.

"You say you wish to be married, Miss Abigail?" spoke up Tom, "Well, suppose we have a double wedding?"

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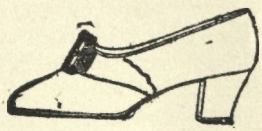
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